

BULLS

ANCIENT & MODERN



Gunningham

BY

J.C. Percy.



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BULLS: ANCIENT AND MODERN

Nov. 12

A CHORUS OF PRESS PRAISE

A capital book that has just come across the Channel to enlighten us. There are solid strata of fun all through it.—*Daily Mail*.

Mr. Percy's book will have a great success of laughter. We beg him to collect more for us when we have fully savoured these.—*Daily Mirror*.

For a train journey or for anyone who wishes a few good crisp effective after-dinner storyettes—guaranteed smile provokers—this enjoyable volume hits the bull's eye every time.—*Irish Independent*.

There is something of an injustice in the title of the book. Far more than half of it deals with satire, repartee, and covers a wide field of wit and humour in modern Ireland.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Mr. Percy rambles on through nearly one hundred and fifty pages, and every one of them is sparkling with wit and humour. This is a volume to be read and carefully put aside for future reference, and we hope to have the early announcement that an edition in binding suitable for the library is in course of preparation.—*Daily Express*.

An overdose of humour.—*Glasgow Herald*.

A lively little book for the stray ten minutes.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

This book of Bulls must be taken as often as a dull moment appears; it will chase away even the troubles of the coal strike.—*London Evening News*.

It is an amusing book full of comical blunders of thinking, familiar and unfamiliar.—*Scotsman*.

PRESS PRAISE—*Continued*

The book is amusing throughout, and forms an acceptable addition to the light literature of the day.—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Mr. J. C. Percy has garnered a great store of amusing stories, and tells them one after the other without a dull interval all through the volume.—*Glasgow Record and Mail*.

Mr. Percy's book is beyond doubt the most amusing book of the year. There are more laughs in it than in any book I have read for years. It is destined to be vastly popular. I congratulate him and everybody who reads it.—James Douglas, in the *London Star*.

The wittiest volume I have read since Dooley appeared.—J. P. Holland, in *Yorkshire Daily Herald*.

The collection is of extraordinary variety and completeness. Half the charm of the book is the skill with which Mr. Percy introduces his tales.—*The Tatler*.

Mr. Percy follows a happy plan in his book, and you are carried from chapter to chapter as if the narrative were continuous. This is really clever art.—*Sphere*.

Percy's collection of bulls creates a constant giggle from cover to cover.—*Cycle Trader*.

The merriest book ever published. It simply bubbles over with wit, fun, and satire. The reader does not experience one dull moment from start to finish.—*The Motor*.

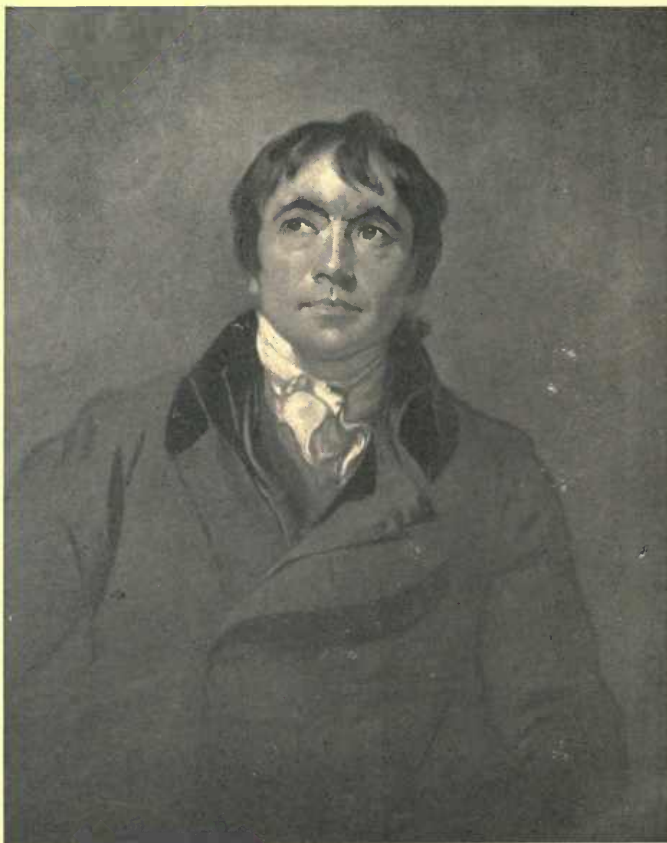
Altogether the book is a delightful one to spend a pleasant half-hour with now and again.—*Cycle and Motor Trader*.

He would be a miser indeed who hesitated for a moment in spending a shilling on the book.—*The Auto-Motor*.

It is more than a collection of Bulls. It is an entertaining compendium of Irish wit and humour.—*London Evening Standard*.

The collection embraces the best of the classical bulls of all ages. It is an excellent shilling's worth.—*Scots Pictorial*.

"Bulls have for the first time found a fit and proper herdsman."
"There are hundreds of hearty laughs in the book."—Kuklos, in the *Daily News*.



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

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BULLS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

BY

J. C. PERCY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSWALD H. CUNINGHAM

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

I have searched diligently and advertised extensively through the public press for a counterfeit presentment of the famous Sir Boyle Roche with which to present my readers, but regret to say all my efforts in this direction have proved futile.

J. C. P.

PREFACE

The reason why this little book came to be written is very simple. In April, 1905, I wrote an article on "Irish Bulls" for *The Automobile Club Journal* (the official organ of the R.A.C.) The contribution caused such interest that inside a few days the entire issue was exhausted. The Editor continued to receive applications for copies of the number containing my article, and as he found himself unable to meet the demand, he very naturally sent the communications on to me. In response to many urgent requests I was forced into putting the contribution into pamphlet form. To my surprise I found it "sold like hot cakes" at 2d. per copy. The success of the little booklet was so immediate and so complete that I quite accidentally discovered there was a good market for light reading of this character, so got to work on a larger and more complete edition. This book is the

PREFACE

result of the encouraging reception accorded to my "Herd of Bulls," and I venture to hope that my confidence in the public taste—especially that of the travelling public—has not been misplaced.

J. C. PERCY.

DUBLIN, 1912.

WHAT IS A BULL?

I have asked a number of my friends the question, "What is a bull"? and there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that it is a bad verbal blunder, which ought not to be committed. Of course I cannot accept any definition so loose as this, nor do I even subscribe to the idea that such verbal blunders ought not to be perpetrated. I can hardly imagine anything more delightful than the society of a man who would be likely to commit "verbal blunders" of this kind, which could be handed down to posterity as genuine, adding to the general fund of the gaiety of nations.

When making my collection of bulls it often occurred to me, What is a bull? The dictionary definition is not quite satisfying; it runs "A ludicrous blunder in speech implying some obvious absurdity or contradiction." "This no doubt is true, but it still

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leaves one the difficulty of defining—"What is a bull?"

In the year 1803 Maria Edgeworth, in dealing with the subject of bulls, said no correct definition had ever been given. The nearest this able writer could get is conveyed in the phrase "a laughable confusion of ideas."

In a recent magazine article a writer on this subject states that paragraphs are frequently regarded as bulls which are by no means entitled to be so classified. The writer, however, does not tell us how we are to know the difference between the alleged bull and the genuine bull, and when it is a witticism or a mixed metaphor. He quotes Sir James Murray's definition: "a self-contradictory proposition; in modern use, an expression containing a manifest contradiction in terms and involving a ludicrous inconsistency, unperceived by the speaker." This seems an acceptable and very human definition, as the amusing distortions of speech which go to make up the bull gain much piquancy owing to the speaker's unconsciousness of his achievement.

A bull is best defined by example, although

WHAT IS A BULL?

it is hard sometimes to draw the line and to know where a bull begins and a mixed metaphor ends or to explain the difference between bulls and wit. The best definition is, I think, given by Sydney Smith: "Wit discovers real relations that are not apparent; bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we expected no similarity. The pleasure derived from bulls comes from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected." In this epigrammatic definition we have clearly set forth the exact distinction between the two forms of humour.

In Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," the bull is described as "a blunder or inadvertent contradiction of terms for which the Irish are proverbial." The natural and unconscious tendency to make bulls is a well-known Irish characteristic. It is due to the Irishman's mental quickness which urges him to reach his goal by the shortest route using words which though taken literally are

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contradictory and ambiguous, at once convey the exact meaning intended which could not otherwise be expressed without considerable circumlocution.

In searching for definitions I have not found anything more satisfactory than those I have quoted, and it may be of course that the captious critic will say that many of the stories contained in this book do not comply with the conditions of the genuine bull. That may or may not be, but without adhering to any definition we will take the stories to come under the generic term "bull." The idea, of course, is to make a collection of stories of that class partaking of the nature of a bull, and they are offered in this spirit. Take them and rejoice in the absurdity of the perverted expression, in the sudden ludicrous juxtaposition of irreconcilable factors; call them how you will—be glad that somebody has made them, however unconsciously, and that somebody has collected and published them.

THE FATHER OF BULLS

The word bull, as applied to such contradiction of terms, is said to have found its origin in the year 1740, when one Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer in London, made his name famous by his blunderings. We in Ireland, however, always claim the illustrious Sir Boyle Roche as the father of bulls, at least a great many bulls of venerable antiquity have been "fathered" on him. It was first said of Sir Boyle that "he could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it." Doubtless a short thumb-nail biographical sketch of this oft-quoted historical personage would be of interest here. Sir Boyle Roche was the son of a Co. Limerick gentleman, and having obtained an ensign's commission in the army when only ten years of age subsequently served in the war against the French in America, which resulted in the conquest of Canada, and distinguished himself at the taking of Havana, in Cuba, in 1762,

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becoming Captain in 1768 and Major in 1770. He shortly after retired from the army and obtained an appointment in the Irish Revenue Department. Through the political influence of his relatives he became M.P. for Tralee in 1775, and sat for various pocket boroughs until the Union. He held the post of Gentleman Usher and Master of the Ceremonies at the Viceregal Court, and was Knighted in 1776, and created a Baronet in 1782. Possessed of a handsome figure, graceful address, and ready wit, set off by a frank, open and manly disposition, he was admired for his politeness and urbanity, and in private life there was no more honourable gentleman. It was usual for members of the Cabinet to write speeches for him, which he committed to memory, and, while mastering the substance, generally contrived to travesty into ornamental language peculiarly his own. Nevertheless, his bulls generally involved aphorisms of sound sense. He died at his house in Eccles Street, Dublin, 5th June, 1807. As I have already indicated, many of the finest specimens of the bull creation are attributed to him, although it was a matter of common

THE FATHER OF BULLS

knowledge that some of his "impromptus" were very carefully prepared. I feel certain if Sir Boyle Roche were alive to-day he would deny one-half of the sayings now associated with his name. He would probably make the denial in somewhat similar terms to the retort to which he once gave utterance in the House of Commons: "Mr. Speaker, half the lies our opponents tell about us are not true."

It is said that Sir Boyle Roche once described a bull in this way: "Supposing you see three cows standing up in a field and one of them lying down, that one is the bull," which brings to my recollection the tale of the lady who "was afraid to cross a field filled with cows in case one of them *might be* a bull." And the following is, to my mind, the best comparison between a Hibernian and a Saxon bull:—"The Irish is pregnant, while the English is sterile." This definition is attributed to Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, who is justly famed for his powers of wit and epigram.

SOME ANCIENT SPECIMENS

As no article dealing with this interesting subject would be complete without mention of one or two of Sir Boyle Roche's most famous specimens, I have pleasure in recording a few. Perhaps his most celebrated bull was: "Why should we beggar ourselves to benefit posterity? What has posterity done for us?" adding, "By posterity I mean those who come after us." On one occasion, when writing to a friend to come and stop with him, he is stated to have penned the following:—"If ever you come within a mile of our house will you stop there all night?" There is no record to show where the friend spent the night. Addressing a political meeting once, he is reported to have said: "He would not rest satisfied until the rocky mountains of Ireland became cultivated valleys." Truly a wonderful ambition. The following is, I consider, one of his choicest:—"All along the untrodden paths of the future I can see the foot-prints of an unseen

SOME ANCIENT SPECIMENS

hand." The most popular and best-quoted bull, and one that must always be allied with his name, is: "A man could not be in two places at the same time unless he were a bird."

The letter in which he described the agitated condition of the country contained a bull of enormous dimensions: "While I write this letter, I have a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other." Possibly he wrote with his teeth or his toes.

He is also credited with this most eloquent peroration: "There is not a man, woman, or child present through whose mind the truth of what I have just stated has not been ringing for centuries."

"The country was overrun with absentee landlords," and

"The cup of our trouble is running over, but, alas! is not yet full," are two that will

live for all time. Speaking of the Union between Britain and Ireland, he said, "Anyone who wishes to diminish the brotherly affection of the two sister countries is an enemy to both nations."

The following are also associated with the name of this prince of bull makers:—"I answer in the affirmative with an emphatic 'No'"; "I smell a rat, I see him floating in the air, but, mark me, I shall nip

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him in the bud ;” and “ Many thousands of them were destitute of even the goods they possessed.”

On a memorable occasion Sir Boyle complained that “ the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which he split,” and it does not require the discerning powers of a Sherlock Holmes to discover the point he desired to drive home.

Criticising the backward condition of the times in which he lived, he is credited with saying : “ Little children who could neither walk nor talk were running about the streets cursing their Maker.” He is also charged with stating in defence of the jury system : “ With trial by jury I have lived and, thank God, with trial by jury I shall die.” Whether this latter is rightly credited or not I cannot tell. However, one more or less “ fathered ” on him makes no difference. Besides, he is dead over one hundred years, and there is no fear of either a contradiction or a denial.

Speaking in opposition to Flood’s Reform Bill, he referred to “ a certain anonymous author called Junius.” He also declared it was wrong to do away with boroughs, for

SOME ANCIENT SPECIMENS

“Sir, if boroughs had been abolished we never should have heard of the great Lord Chatham.” Sir Boyle was in his happiest vein when speaking in favour of the Act of Union. Here is an argument of his in support of this measure: “Gentlemen may titter and titter, and may think it a bad measure, but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again, and so they can’t decide right now; but when the day of judgment comes then honourable gentlemen will be satisfied with this most excellent union.”

He was a determined opponent of the French Revolution, and frequently referred to it from his vantage ground in the House of Commons. Here is one of his declamations: “Mr. Speaker, if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient Constitution, they would never stop or stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! If those Gallican villains should invade us, sir, ’tis on that very table, maybe, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in

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heaps atop of one another. Here, perhaps, the murderous martial law men would break in, cut us into joints, and throw our bleeding heads on the table to stare us in the face."

Speaking on the state of Ireland, as the representative of Portarlinton, he said: "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one greater." During the course of a speech on farm improvements he is reported to have used these words: "The farmers of Ireland ought to dispense with the use of wooden gates, and put up cast-iron ones instead, as the latter would last for ever, and in the end could be utilized for making horse shoes." This is how he proposed to guard the Shannon: "Sir, I would anchor a frigate off each bank of the river, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising up and down, put a stop to smuggling." When a member had committed a breach of privilege and the Sergeant-at-Arms was censured for letting him escape, he said: "How could the Sergeant-at-Arms stop him in the rear while he was catching him in front"?

In the Irish House of Commons in 1795,

SOME ANCIENT SPECIMENS

during a debate on the leather tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, observed that "in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to be ready to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said that "however that might be, a tax on leather would press heavily on the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied that this could be easily removed by making the under leathers of wood.

Sir Boyle, in referring to South Africa, said "myrtles are so common there that they make birch brooms of them." He is also credited with having referred to the Irish farmers as "living from hand to mouth like the birds of the air." Sir Richard Steele, another well-known Irishman, was asked by an English friend how it was that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls. "I believe," said he, "it is something in the air of the country; and I dare say if an Englishman was born here, he would do the same."

Tom Moore, of Irish melody fame, tells an excellent story. In his youthful days, when staying with an uncle at Sandymount, they

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walked into Dublin early one morning, and were somewhat startled to find a dead highwayman lying on the road. He had evidently been shot during the night by someone whom he had attacked. There was a small bullet-hole in his right temple. An old woman appeared upon the scene, and, addressing Moore, said: "Isn't it the blessing of God it didn't hit him in the eye?"

Reverting to Sir Boyle Roche, the worthy baronet also possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of satire, and at least once he used it with deadly effect. The famous lawyer, John Philpot Curran, in the course of an angry debate in the old Irish Parliament exclaimed: "I am the guardian of my own honour." As quick as lightning Roche retorted: "I thought the right honorable gentleman didn't believe in sinecures." Considering that Curran was the greatest master of repartee Ireland has ever known, this reply must have delighted his heart. It was equal to his own best, and I could pay it no higher compliment.

Barrington refers to the eighteenth century baronet "as the most celebrated anti-gram-

SOME ANCIENT SPECIMENS

marian in the Irish Parliament." Hence it is that every bull collector must always look to Sir Boyle Roche's speeches as the great storehouse from which he can draw an almost limitless supply of the most amusing, nonsensical expressions. Leaving the mists of antiquity, however, we must emerge into the light of more modern days, when it will be seen that these logical perversions are just as common in the twentieth century as they were when the famous Sir Boyle Roche held undisputed sway as the king of bull makers.

BULLS I HAVE MET

“ There are enough bulls in Ireland.”

—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Someone has said that “ the life of a people is pictured in their speech.” This old saying explains why the bull predominates in Ireland, as this gift of blunder, or whatever you may care to call it, bears testimony to the fact that the Irish people are a quick-witted race. They frequently find that words are too slow for the conveyance of thought, and while the capacity for making these fascinating word jumbles is not confined to Ireland, still they are more frequently met with in the “ould country” than in any other part of the globe. That all Irishmen, however, are not quick-tongued is instanced by the following experience, the facts of which I can vouch. In any case it illustrates the other side of the question, proving that there is an exception to every rule. I have a clever commercial friend in Dublin who is blessed with a



"Who the devil sent for you?"

BULLS I HAVE MET

slight stammer—I use the word “blessed” advisedly as he tells me that he owes a great deal of his success in business to his slowness of speech, as “it gives him time to think his best price when quoting a customer.” The same gentleman tells a most amusing story about an occasion when his “stutter” proved a good friend to him. In the early days of his apprenticeship in a Dublin mercantile house he was instructed to call upon a certain manufacturer—who, by the way, has now crossed to that “undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.” I may say, however, that he was a rough diamond who called a spade a shovel with a strong prefix when the occasion demanded it. My young friend unfortunately called at the wrong time, and when he handed his card, the answer he got was, “Who the devil sent for you?” This unexpected rebuff roused all the sleeping wrath within the breast of the young commercial traveller, who was noted for his proud spirit. He tried to find a retort equal to the occasion, but words stuck in his throat, and the more excited he became the less chance there was of him proving

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equal to the emergency. After several vain attempts to find language sufficiently strong to resent his reception, he gave up the contest, turning on his heel and walking out of the office in a white passion. And now for the sequel. The same afternoon the manufacturer telephoned to the office of the firm where the youth was employed, asking them to send down the young man who had been there that morning, as he wanted to see him most urgently. My friend received the message with fear and trembling, thinking, perhaps, that he was in for a castigation for having so abruptly, and, as he thought, so rudely, terminated the interview earlier in the day. So getting ready a speech in defence, which was noted for its strong epithets, he stiffened himself for the new appointment with his mind firmly made up that this time he was going to give as much as he got. Alas for the frailty of human hopes and expectations. Everything turned out quite different. Instead of a reprimand, the manufacturer greeted him with a cheery smile and a hearty hand-shake, and in the most humble tones addressed him thus:

BULLS I HAVE MET

"Young man, I want to apologize for my rudeness this morning, and to thank you for the example you gave me in self-restraint. You have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. A man who could keep his temper under such circumstances is one I should like to do business with." The result was, that he got an exceptionally fine order, and from that day to this, he has kept the firm as one of his best and staunchest customers, Ye gods! to think of "self-restraint" when the only thing that saved a volley of invective and a general flare-up was the "stammer" that caused the swear words to stick in his throat. I mention this incident, the facts of which are within my own knowledge, to prove that there are times when those who suffer from slowness of speech have a distinct advantage over their more fortunate quick-tongued rivals.

Reverting to the subject of my text, viz., "Bulls I Have Met." In my perambulations round Ireland, I have come across some fine specimens from time to time. Like charity, perhaps I had better begin at home. Some time ago I heard

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my wife say to my eight year old daughter: "Doreen, shut your eyes and look at me." The explanation is "perfectly simple." The child had a little speck on one of the eyelids, but the bull is "simply perfect." A friend of mine tells a rather good story against his "better half," although he is not supposed to relate it outside the family circle. The lady in question had been out visiting one day and when her husband returned she gave a graphic account of her various calls. Selecting one hostess in particular, she said: "Do you know, Jack, that lady would talk the head off you. I am hoarse listening to her." It was quite obvious that she had been doing her share of the gossiping, and her husband got into trouble by telling her so. My friend and colleague, Mr. R. J. Mccredy, might be accepted as a lineal descendant of Sir Boyle Roche. The mantle of the famous baronet seems to have fallen upon him. He is, of all my Irish friends, the most prolific "bull" maker. One of the most charming bulls ever written came from his pen and appeared in the *Irish Cyclist* under the head of "Advice to Novices," and ran as follows:

BULLS I HAVE MET

"The best way to pass a cow on the road when cycling is to keep behind it." Amongst the papers that reproduced this bull as racy of the soil were *Punch*, and the London *Daily Telegraph*. On another occasion in describing a summer tour on the Banks of the Barrow, he wrote: "I selected a shady nook, and basked in the sunshine." Not many weeks ago I heard Mr. Mecredy give an account of a visit paid to his camp at Glenmalure by a well-known character, in which he added, "we gave him a grand reception when he was going away."

My friends tell me that I myself must plead guilty to the same charge. Whether the indictment be true or not, I am charged with perpetrating three or four fairly healthy specimens. In proposing the toast of "The visitors" at the Irish Institute of Journalists' dinner in Dublin last year, I said a few kind things about our various guests, and then added: "But, gentlemen, there is one visitor who *is not with us to-night.*" I was referring to Mr. Nannetti, M.P., who had been unavoidably prevented from being present to respond to the toast owing to ill-health. The

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Pickwick Bicycle Club, which is the oldest institution of its kind in the world, has put away in its archives two of my most obvious blunders. When sending out a party on one of the Irish tours, I am credited with giving the following instructions: "Let the first contingent go ahead and I will send a man after you to lead the way." On the same tour I was accused—if accusation I can call it—of pointing out the old headland that lies between Bray and Greystones with the remark: "That is the *other* side of Bray Head." As I had lived in Bray for five years and knew that side of the Old Head best, the mistake from my point of view was quite a natural one. One of the most humorous bulls I ever came across was down in "Dear old Tipperary," where I attended a sports dinner. Just before the guests took their seats, it was discovered that there were more diners than they had accommodation for, and I can yet recall the chairman putting up his hand and saying: "Gentlemen, please take your seats till we see how we stand"—a remark that put everybody in good humour for the rest of the

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evening. A member of our staff, at a recent trade society dinner in London, had been served with the usual whitebait, a delicacy to which he had an especial aversion : "Whitebait," quoth he, "is my *bête noire*."

Sir Thomas Myles, speaking at a meeting in Dublin in 1902 with regard to the Boer war, and laying special emphasis upon the part played by Ireland, said : "Why should Irishmen stand with their arms folded and their hands in their pockets when England called for aid?"

Another delightful specimen, to which I have never seen any allusion, appears in Michael McCarthy's book, "Priests and People." It will be found on page 282—Chapter XXI. and reads as follows : "The 37 fellows (of the Royal University) are divided into 29 fellows, and 8 medical fellows. Half of these 29 fellows are attached to the University College," etc., etc. "The other half of the 29 fellows are distributed over the country," etc. That is, there are $14\frac{1}{2}$ fellows in the college, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ throughout the country. Obviously, one of the 29 fellows has been cut in two halves ; and it may indeed

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be that half a fellow is better than no fellow at all. One wonders which half of the fellow went to the college and which to the country.

The great point of this bull is, that the author fancied it so much that, having perpetrated it, he repeats it a few lines lower down, and this not in a hurried newspaper article, but in a carefully prepared work.

The chairman of the Dublin Distillery Company, in defending an adverse balance-sheet last year, is reported thus (*vide Irish Times*): "The directors' fees have been *hardly* earned." Another chairman, in defending his fellow-directors down in County Cork, did so in a blundering way. "I suppose you think that on our board half of the directors do the work and the other half do nothing. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, the reverse is the case." The shareholders are still in the dark as to what the chairman really did mean. It is certainly one of those things that might have been expressed differently. At the annual meeting of the Dunlop Tyre Company, Ltd., held on 19th December last, an Irish shareholder made rather a funny speech. He said: "I do hope

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that the passing cloud, which has passed over this company, will pass away."

The chairman at the dinner of an angling club once said : " It is good to see around me so many old faces that I used to go fishing with years ago." At least, so a piscatorial friend tells me, and anglers, we know, always tell the truth. A few months ago I received a circular from a well-known Dublin business house, of which the following is an interesting extract : " We have accomplished the impossible task of pleasing *all* our customers."

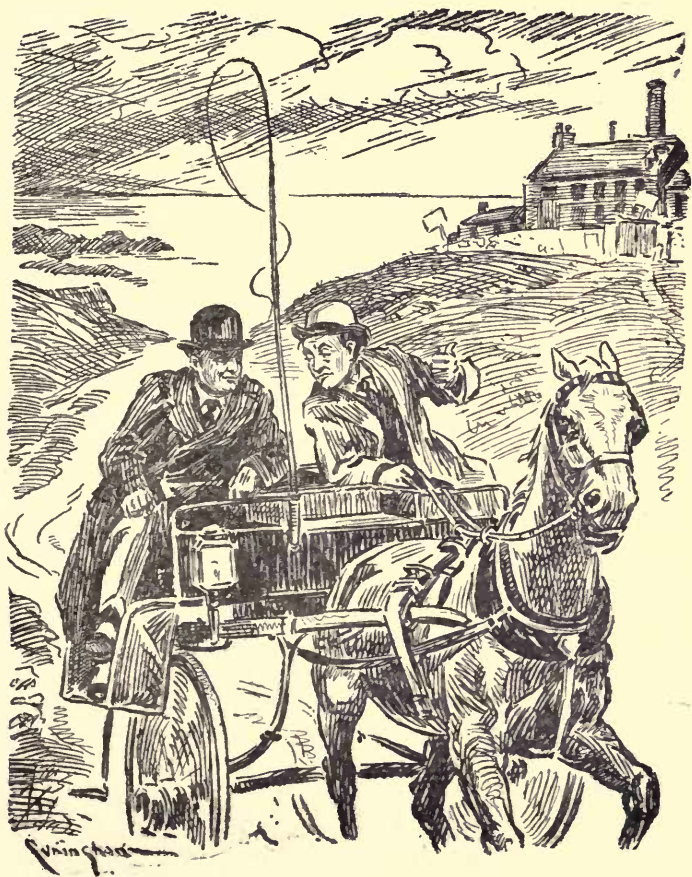
The following somewhat involved instruction was received by the business manager of the *Motor News* from a reader when renewing his subscription : " If at any time I change my address when I notify you I hope you will be so kind as to change also."

Most bulls are humorous, but the following belongs to the pathetic order, and was sent to me by the manager of a manufacturing concern employing several hundred hands. During the dinner hour he heard a little girl address her father (who was one of the labourers) after this fashion : " Mother says

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you are to come home for your dinner to-day as she has nothing to send you." A jarvey driving me through Connemara a few years ago pointed to some sheep with the remark : "Thim's mountain sheep, sir. If they *lived* by the sea they *would die*," and in reply to my query as to what a certain building was he answered : "We have a woollen industry there that has been shut up these four years." Some weeks ago I was a member of a committee arranging a dinner in connection with a well-known society. As not infrequently happens, we had many disappointments at the eleventh hour, with the result that our dinner plan was very seriously disarranged. Just as the toast master had announced that dinner was served, I was handed by the hon. sec. another wire of regret with the remark : "that makes one more less."

In proof of my contention that Irishmen don't control the bull market, I have pleasure in giving one or two Saxon specimens. Referring to the much discussed Insurance Bill, a delegate of the Hearts of Oak Friendly Society quite recently said : "He hoped that before the Bill reached its



**"We have a woollen industry there that has been shut up
these four years."**

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end it would die a natural death." I might here quote the speech recently delivered by the chairman of an English railway company, in which he is reported to have said that it would pay them better to carry the third-class passengers for nothing than let the tramways get them.

The Mayor of Birmingham quite recently told an unruly councillor "to sit down and go out." An instruction which needless to say was not carried out to the letter.

Another healthy Saxon specimen comes all the way from Leeds. The chairman of a theatre company confessed to his shareholders that they had been "catering for a class that did not exist and who now go to Bradford."

Referring to a flight by an aviator at Dunstall Park, Wolverhampton, a newspaper reporter wrote: "One of the fliers nearly *landed* in the water."

Not long ago a Saxon friend of mine took some fishing, when he put up the following notice, "no fishing allowed on this land."

My readers will thus see that our more cold-blooded English neighbours are not by any

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means immune from the weakness of bull-making. This opinion is shared by the writer of the London Letter in the *Irish Times*, as can be seen from the following extract taken from the issue of 15th January, 1912: "It is commonly supposed that the 'bull' is an exclusively Irish product. As a matter of fact, it is common to all nations. Even stolid Englishmen occasionally let their thoughts get ahead of their expression. For example, a London stipendiary magistrate, sentencing a man for stealing gas, solemnly remarked: 'If this is done when coal is cheap, I wonder what will happen when coal is dear, or, perhaps, when there is no coal at all. I suppose everyone will steal gas then.' One is reminded of the French princess, who, when told that the people were starving for want of bread, innocently asked why they did not eat cake."

As a further proof that bull-raising is not confined to Ireland, permit me to quote the following rule which appeared in the conditions of the Royal Automobile Club Trial some years ago: "E—That *every car* should carry four passengers, except smaller cars, which should be required to carry only two

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passengers." Had this been issued by the I.A.C. doubtless many people would have said, "How Irish!"

Mr. Isaac Molloy, a well-known Dublin solicitor, tells me he copied this epitaph from a tombstone in the old churchyard, Colmore Row, Birmingham :

"Oh, cruel death, how could you have been
so unkind,
As to take him before, and leave me behind,
Better to have taken *both* if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to
the survivor."

I captured a good Irish "bull" in the following, which I rescued from the columns of a Belfast paper. At Dungannon Petty Sessions, in the course of an assault case, a witness was asked to explain how the injured man received the cuts of which his nose bore evidence. "I don't know," was the reply, "but he fell on the road several times. He was so drunk that he couldn't keep his feet." Question—"If he was so drunk, how was he able to run after you?" Reply—"He followed after me between falling and rising."

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Alderman Dr. McWalter, speaking at a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, held on Tuesday, 2nd January, 1912, on the question of the Lord Mayor's salary, said: "You come *here* to stay outside and prevent a quorum." Another rare bull was introduced into the City Hall, Dublin, by Councillor James Larkin so recently as 23rd January, 1912. Interrupting the Lord Mayor, he remarked: "Are we going to sit here all day *listening* to you and Councillor Cogan washing your dirty linen?" "Listening" to dirty linen being washed is evidently not a very pleasant occupation.

A sergeant of police applied to the Veterinary Department for a supply of Jeyes' fluid for disinfection purposes, and it appears that a mistake was made by the messenger in sending an empty tin. In acknowledging the receipt of same the sergeant stated that the tin containing the Jeyes' fluid arrived empty.

This is on a par with the advice given by a friend of mine with regard to winter motoring: "There is nothing keeps the feet warm like an *empty* petrol tin full of hot water!"

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I was told the following story the other day, which is really founded on fact. There are two rival printers in a town in Ireland that shall be nameless. One, more enterprising than the other, launched a weekly paper with which he made a palpable hit. While the new publication was booming, the following conversation took place between the rival printer, and the gentleman by whom the story is told: "I hear Mr. ——'s paper has a circulation of 20,000 copies per week." "Don't you believe it," came back the retort; "I see the whole issue go out every Tuesday on *three donkey carts*, and it takes *half-a-dozen railway trucks* to bring back the returns every Saturday." This tale only proves how far the green-eyed monster can carry its victims.

One of the choicest bulls of the double-barrelled variety came under my notice in reading the Dublin police news the other day. A Dublin policeman in giving evidence in a burglary case, said to Mr. Swifte, the presiding magistrate, "after a *fruitless* search, your worship, we found all the money with the exception of the silver tea-pot."

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I am indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the following extract, as it proves that there is no better atmosphere for the production of bulls than in our various police courts :—

“ At Highgate Police Court Solomon Dew, aged 52, a dustman in the employ of the Hornsey Borough Council, was charged with being drunk and disorderly. The wife said they had been married twenty-six years, and he had been drunk nearly every night. A witness for the wife said that she had seen the man ‘speechless drunk.’ Mr. Walter Reynolds: ‘How do you know he was speechless?’ The Witness: ‘I could tell by his voice.’”

I cull the following from the Police Court proceedings published in a provincial paper: Witness—“He got me by the throat so that I could not speak, and I asked him several times to let me go.”

An Irish witness, in giving evidence before the Irish Land Commissioners with regard to certain improvements on his farm, is thus reported: “The more you improve it the worse it gets.”

A horse dealer, in examining a mare, was

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heard to say at Naas horse fair, "I won't buy her, as she *walks* lame in her *trot*," which recalls the rather involved reply of the Irish farmer, returning from the market, when asked how he sold his pig: "Well, I didn't get as much as I expected, but then I didn't expect I would."

A mother recently made application on behalf of her son for a position in the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, in which she said that "her boy was a non-smoker and a non-teetotaller." That application, I am assured by one of the officials, is still preserved in the archives at Kingsbridge.

The following is the advertisement of a motor agent who has already been awarded a "biscuit" by a trade journal for this somewhat contradictory announcement: "Have a trial run on the inaudible — car. When you hear the engine running you will appreciate its wonderful silence." This is eclipsed by an announcement I saw on a stand at a recent motor show: "Observe the absence of 'wobbly' levers on top tube." It would be rather a hard matter to observe something that was "absent," although the meaning is per-

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fectly clear. Another manufacturer once advertised, in a paper with which I am associated, his "non-rustless spokes," while a baby-carriage manufacturer sent out a circular to their agents, recommending "a baby-carriage for their own *private* use." I have also been shown a letter sent by an Irish agent containing the following: "I have to-day returned your empty crate, inside of which you will find handlebars to be exchanged."

A friend of mine who was playing golf at Portmarnock some time ago, during a competition, when the links were somewhat congested, complained about "being followed up on both sides."

"Go away, and don't let me see you concealed again," is what a Belfast magistrate said to a prisoner in dismissing him for being found in certain premises under somewhat suspicious circumstances.

A well-known Dublin gentleman, speaking at a shareholders' meeting, once threatened to "put down his foot with a strong hand;" while a member of the Dublin Metropolitan Police remarked to a lady who got out of the queue line at the Gaiety Theatre: "Madam, the

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people who are behind you are before you ;” and the following conversation was heard by an acquaintance of mine at the Gt. Northern Railway. “ Where is the entrance out?” said a country yokel to a porter. The latter, being a bit of a wag, replied : “ Would the exit in not suit you just as well?” An Irish agricultural paper recently gave the following advice to its readers : “ The potatoes should be boiled in cold water;” which brings to my recollection the reply of the maid to her mistress, when asked what she was doing in the kitchen : “ I am *warming* some *hot* milk, ma’am !”

I have received the following prime and typical bull from a Gaelic scholar : “ In ‘ Simple Lessons in Irish,’ Part I., by the Rev. Eugene O’Growney, page 37, exercise 116, there are three lines in Irish, which being translated, read : ‘ Conn O’Flanagan is not in Ireland, he is in Kildare yet.’” My correspondent humorously adds : “ Possibly in June, 1894, when the work was first published, the Co. Kildare was somewhere in the Antipodes.” Mr. T. W. Murphy, hon. sec. of the Irish Branch of the Institute of Journalists, in an article describing the progress of the 1,000

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miles Motor Car Trials in 1910, wrote : "The cars were *housed* in the open," which I consider an unique example of the *Taurus Hibernicus*.

I have extracted from the rules of a social club to which I belong, this pronounced bull : "No refreshments shall be supplied to any member after the above-named hours, and none shall be supplied for consumption off the club premises except to a member on the premises at the time."

I recollect once being asked by a colleague on a newspaper, when I was looking out for a good man to take charge of a certain department, if I had secured him. "Not yet," I replied ; "I have my eye on a good man, but I haven't seen him."

A well-known English manufacturer sent me a letter received some time ago from an Irish trader who had made application for his agency. After giving several sound reasons why he should be appointed, the applicant concluded by saying : "All things considered, you cannot do worse than make me your agent."

This reminds me of another letter shown me by the assistant manager of

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the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in which the writer said: "You have not sent me any pass for the theatre since the last one." Speaking at an enquiry held in Dublin this year, one of the Local Government Board Inspectors remarked: "We'll never get to the bottom of this, and when we do we'll find *nothing in it*."

The following notice adorns a railway bridge down South: "Trains stopping on this bridge to move at the rate of not more than four miles per hour;" while a Dundalk shopkeeper put up the following bill during alterations and repairs: "Closed on account of re-opening." Although in the strict sense of the term the quaint paragraph, taken from a Tunbridge Wells paper, does not come under my selected heading, still it is worthy of a place in the series: "*Notice!* Owing to pressure on our space, a number of births have been held over until next week." This reminds me of the solicitor's letter: "We regret to inform you of the death of the above-named deceased."

A County Limerick gentleman recently assured me that "Roscrea hams were coming to the front." After this, I remarked, I would not be surprised if the Roscrea pigs walked

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backwards. An enthusiastic follower of hounds, in describing a County Meath hunt to me a few weeks ago, said: "It's grand sport, but if you happen to go down, it's all up with you." Who has not heard in Ireland at one time or another the expression, "I have no brothers but myself"? Another *lapsus linguæ* I once came across was, "It never pours but it rains." "Resolved *unanimously*, with one dissenting voice," is a quotation taken from the report of an Irish Board of Guardians meeting.

A member of our firm got a letter from a young married man asking him to get him a situation. It was written thus: "I want a *birth* more than if I were single." I once heard a lady in the North of Ireland say that "there was no cycling allowed in her house on Sunday," which is perfectly clear, although somewhat awkwardly expressed.

A friend of mine heard the following conversation in a Dublin tramcar with reference to the King's power. One gentleman argued that he was supreme, but the other put forward the contention "that King

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George was a mere figure-head; all he is entitled to do is to keep his mouth shut, and swallow whatever his Ministers like to give him."

The expression "at the moment" has come to be regarded as a regular figure of speech and it is often used where it is not *apropos*. Some clubmen were discussing a record attempt by a certain man, who—though he claimed to have ridden unpaced—was strongly suspected of having been paced over a certain stretch of road. One of the party said: "It is impossible to *prove* that he was paced, as the only person who saw him hanging on to another cyclist is dead, *at the moment*."

Lord Aberdeen, on the occasion of the visit of the Colonial Premiers to Ireland last autumn, in a welcoming speech, said "the only thing he regretted was that their stay was not *shorter*." This is a pure-bred Highland specimen.

In a Parliamentary Blue Book containing the annual report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, and signed by many well-known men—who are regarded as pillars in the Irish educational world—is to

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be found the following tit-bit : "The female teachers were instructed in plain cooking. They had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in turn." Manifestly it is the duty of the Commissioners to see that their victims are not "overdone" in the process.

I heard a well-known Dublin merchant criticise the work of the Congested Districts Board as follows : "What I object to is that they have reinstated tenants who were never evicted."

Mr. W. H. Wilkinson, Holywell, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, sends me the following : "I was at a funeral recently, and on leaving the cemetery I met the funeral of the father of an acquaintance, and remarked to a friend who was with me : "I did not know that man was *alive* until I saw his death in the paper."

In concluding this chapter permit me to express the hope that my readers, after perusing my personal collection, will acquit me of a charge once made by a North of Ireland friend when he informed me "I had a jolly good memory for forgetting things."

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I take no credit for any originality in the assortment I have strung together under this title. For the past few years I have been a collector of interesting specimens which I have simply herded together from time to time with the object of putting them into some kind of permanent form. My only regret is that I did not start this fascinating hobby twenty years earlier. If I had done so I have no hesitation in saying that I could easily have multiplied this collection tenfold. However, I am satisfied that the examples I now set forth will support my theory about the influence the bull has in every walk of life, from that of the humble servant to that of the highest dignitary of the church. All classes come under its mystic spell, including the glib lawyer, the serious medical man, the careful editor, the prosaic veterinary surgeon, and the romantic lover. I have no doubt some of my readers will recognise in

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this assortment some very old friends in the shape of chestnuts. Permit me to point out that I have anticipated this criticism by the title of the book, as bulls "ancient" as well as modern are up for review. Besides, there is nothing new under the sun, and what may seem "chestnutty" to the older section of the community may, perhaps, appear "rare and refreshing fruit" to the rising generation. In harbouring this hope I have pleasure in introducing the following mixed herd.

In my humble opinion, the celebrated Killybegs bull takes quite a lot of beating. A Kerryman was telling a native of Galway about the wonderful echo in the Gap of Dunloe that repeated itself forty times, to which the gentleman from the West replied: "Why, that's nothing to the echo in my father's garden in County Galway. If you say 'How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Very well, thank you, sir.'" This, it must be admitted, is a record performance for an echo. I have always thought it a pity the Post Office authorities considered it wise to remove the famous printed notice that appeared for many years over the G.P.O. letter-

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box in Sackville Street, and which was the delight of our visitors. It ran: "For letters too late for the next delivery." Such a bull was native of the soil, and, like typical Irish bulls, whilst the wording was somewhat involved, the meaning was perfectly clear. Writing of the Post Office reminds me of the story of the man who put some money into the Savings Bank on the advice of his friend. "When can I draw it out?" he asked. "Shure, if you put it in to-day you can get it out again to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice." A County Councillor in one of the home counties warned his colleagues that small-pox was *creeping* over the district by *leaps and bounds*. It is almost unnecessary for me to point out how self-destructive the two similes employed in this phrase really are.

Michael MacDonagh, in his delightful book dealing with "Irish Life and Character," gives two personal reminiscences, which are well worth reproducing. Perhaps he had better tell them in his own words: "I visited a hairdresser's shop in Kingstown to have a shampoo after the night's run from London.

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As I was leaving the man induced me to buy a bottle of hair wash. 'What sort of stuff is it?' I asked. 'Oh, it's grand stuff,' he replied. 'It's a sort of *multum in parvo*—the less you take of it the better.' "Of course," adds MacDonagh, "what the hair-dresser meant to convey was that the use of a little of the stuff was as efficacious as a large quantity."

He also relates coming across the following literary curiosity which was posted in a pleasure boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir : "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

A well-known public man was recently assured by the chairman that the assembly welcomed him with "no unfeigned pleasure." The visitor was so embarrassed that he said "he was always glad to be here or, indeed—anywhere else."

"No gentleman admitted if he comes by himself," was the footline on a ticket printed in connection with an Irish dance. Better still was the following notice sent out by a social club secretary : "The final dance takes place

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on Friday night. The last is sure to be the best, as each dance is better than the last."

"The hot water in the lavatory was cold to-day, and besides there was none of it," is an extract from the complaint book of a country club.

The newspaper correspondent frequently falls into strange and incomprehensible errors. In the old agrarian days of sad and bitter memory a southern newspaper in referring to a certain crime, said of the victim: "That no man deserved less to be murdered," which as a negative form of praise is to my mind a veritable gem.

In a recent issue of the *Drogheda Argus* a correspondent made a Christmas appeal on behalf of the local poor. After pointing out how acceptable such offerings as coal, warm clothing, and money were, he went on to say, "they are always most acceptable to the donors."

The *Daily Mirror*, writing on the Durbar, made the amusing statement: "The Maharajah of Darbhanga has a £90,000 pearl necklace and other priceless jewels of equal value, including a £50,000 diamond in his aigrette."

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"Priceless jewels" is good, especially after precisely stating the price.

A provincial paper not very long ago, referring to the illness of a well-known church dignitary, said: "Notwithstanding the attentions of Dr. —, the patient is making rapid progress towards recovery." Which is only equalled by the following extract from a County Cork paper: "The police patrolled the streets all night, but for all that there was no disturbance."

Another editor, in revising a new book, said: "The work is chock full of omissions."

The following taken from a Waterford paper is, I think, delightful: "Mr. Brennan spoke at length in his usual happy style, but from the distance we were wholly unable to catch the purport of his remarks."

Some years ago the *Irish Times* reported a law case in which Judge Adams asked a Limerick jury if they had agreed, when Mr. Flynn, foreman, replied: "Some of us, my lord."

"Are you married?" said a Dublin police magistrate to a prisoner who was charged with a grievous assault on a fellow-labourer. "No,

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your worship," replied the man in the dock. "That's a good job for your wife," said the presiding justice. "Hold your tongue, and give your evidence quietly and clearly," said another Irish magistrate to a boisterous witness. A judge is stated to have told a prisoner on one occasion that all his redeeming features were bad ones. An invalid, after returning from a Southern trip, said to a friend: "It has done me a world of good. I have come back another man; in fact, I'm quite myself again." A gentleman was explaining to some friends how one night on retiring to bed he fancied he saw a ghost; so, having a gun handy, he shot at it. Next morning he discovered it to be his shirt. "What did you do then?" exclaimed a member of the company. "Why, I knelt down and thanked God I was not inside it."

Magistrate: "Describe the man." Witness: "Well, your honor, he'll never look you straight in the face until your back's turned."

Asked if her son was still in the orphanage, an Irish widow replied: "Och no, my lady, shure he is an orphan no longer; he's now working at his trade." An Irish schoolmaster once remarked to an erring scholar: "Do you

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want a good thrashing, Jimmy, or do you not? Because, if you don't behave yourself this minute, you'll get both;" which recalls the schoolboy's definition, when he said: "Gender is the way we tell what sex a man is." This in turn reminds me of the definition of salt given by an English schoolboy "Salt is the stuff that makes the taters taste nasty when you don't put it on," but the crowning story in this connection is that of the schoolboy who described sins of omission "as the sins that we left undone which we ought to have done." A doctor, reporting on a case, is stated to have said: "The patient had received two wounds—one of them was mortal, but, fortunately, the other was not." Constable (to police magistrate): "He was speechless drunk, your honor, and using awful language." A lady was once heard complaining that she did not get a wink of sleep until the blackbirds woke her in the morning. A Scottish newspaper recently described a new recipe to "produce silence." A lecturer, in addressing a mothers' meeting, once solemnly said: "Parents, you have children, or, if not, your daughters may have." An Hibernian

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stage manager, clearing for rehearsal, gave this order: "Now, all of you who are not on the stage, get off." "Man killed on the railway, since dead," is the substance of a telegram a local station-master once sent to headquarters. "This is the third night this week you have come home late," said Mrs. Davin. "The next time you go out, Mr. D. you can stay at home and open the door for yourself." A servant girl wrote home to her sister that "the people she was with were so rich, that their flannel petticoats were made of silk." There are three other servant bulls worthy of a place in any collection—Mistress: "Why don't you keep the baby quiet, Kate?" "I can't keep him quiet, ma'am, unless I let him make a noise." An Irish servant, when asked for a reference, replied: "What do I want that for? Shure, 'tis I've got to live with you, and not you with me." "Who was that at the door, Mary?" Answer: "A gentleman looking for the wrong house, ma'am."

A marvellous performance in gymnastics was reported by a newly created Jubilee Knight. On his return from London he was asked how he felt during the ordeal. His

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reply is worth a place in the collection:—"I stood prostrate at the feet of my Sovereign." A mother, in laying down the social etiquette to her daughter, who was just "coming out," said "nobody ever goes to a party until everybody else is there." An Irishman who bought an alarm clock said all he had to do "was to pull the string and it woke him every morning." "What are you doing with that piece of iron?" said an onlooker to a blacksmith. "Trying to bend it straight," was the rather crooked reply. An Irish beggar once described his coat as "a bundle of holes sewn together." Who has not heard the story of the landlord complaining to his beater about the poor sport at the end of a day's shoot? "Why, these birds cost me £1 each." Quick as thought came back the answer: "Begorra, your honor's lucky there ar'n't more of them." An Irish painter was asked why he was hurrying through his work, and replied: "I want to get the work finished before my paint runs out." A wounded soldier, filled with patriotism, is stated to have said: "I have bled for my country, and I'll soon be able to say I died for it." It was a

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countryman of my own who gave the following description of how to make a cannon :—
“Take a *long* hole and pour brass round it.”
And I must not overlook that excellent bull perpetrated in the old coercion days when the land agent wrote to his employer :
“These are terrible times. It’ll be a wonder if we get out of the world alive.” Another rather good story, although not in the strict sense a bull, was the landlord’s letter, written during the troublesome times, from England, to his agent, resident in Ireland : “Recollect, no threats to shoot you will intimidate me.” Then we have the veterinary surgeon’s bill :
“To *curing* your grey mare till she died, £1 is.

There is a very good story which comes from Limerick. A presiding magistrate fined a “drunk” 10s. or a fortnight’s imprisonment. The defendant pleaded that he had not even one shilling in his possession. The local J.P. was obdurate. “If you hadn’t got drunk with the money you could have paid the fine all right.” A priest was reasoning with one of his parishioners with regard to taking the pledge, adding, “You won’t be safe until you do. Have you ever seen a teetotaller drunk?”

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"Begorra, your reverence, I have seen lots of people drunk, but I couldn't say whether they were teetotallers or not."

I must say I like the admonition given by an Irish employer to a clerk who had just broken the pledge: "Instead of taking pledges you're always breaking, better make no promises and keep them." While the old lady who said she liked "to sit with *her back facing* the engine" when travelling by train, deserves to be immortalized here. There is one other prime Irish specimen that always appeals to me. A neighbour was enquiring from Mrs. Clancy how she was able to recognise the twins, they were so much alike "in form and feature, face and limb." "Ah, that's aisy," replied Mrs. C., "I just put my finger in Patsey's mouth and, if he bites me, shure I know its Mike."

A big Irish lawyer named John Egan quarrelled with the famous John Philpot Curran. who was a slight man as thin as a lath. A duel followed as a matter of course, as was the custom in those early days, especially in a case of injured honour. On the ground where the mortal combat was to take place

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Egan complained that his immense size gave his adversary a distinct advantage. "I might as well fire at a razor's edge as Curran, and he may hit me as easily as a turf stack."

"I tell you what, Egan," replied Curran, "I wish to take no unfair advantage of you whatever. Let my size be chalked upon your front, and I am quite content that every shot that hits outside that mark shall not count." History does not record Egan's reply.

There is another duel story containing a most delicious bull. An Irishman who was challenged to a duel—it took a great deal of moral courage to refuse to toe the line in those good old days—wrote to the seconds on the eve of the contest that "he could not see his way to turn up as he had no desire to leave his poor old mother an orphan."

The bull penetrates into our most sacred things. Even the Good Book contains a glaring example, which is to be found in Isaiah, xxxvii. chap. 36th verse: "The angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand, and when *they arose* early in the morning behold *they were all dead corpses.*"

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I have no doubt this obvious bull owes its origin to the translators.

A clergyman took occasion to reprove some of his congregation for sleeping in church, and observed that it was one of those sins people committed with their *eyes open*. An old lady in church after a crowded service was heard to say : "If everybody else would only do as I do and stay quietly in their seats till everyone had gone out, there would be no crush at the door." An Irish Methodist clergyman in an outburst against the devil and all his works consigned his satanic majesty to "the bottom of the *bottomless* pit."

An Irish clergyman referred to the deceased in his funeral sermon "as a *living* witness to the frailty of life." But I must not omit another religious bull in which the preacher said : "Brethren, if you have a spark of grace in your soul water it, water it, and keep watering it." The old churchyard notice must also find a place in this collection : "No one buried here but those *living* in the parish."

I could give innumerable examples of bulls bred in the churchyard, but one or two will suffice. One is carved on a weather-beaten stone

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in a little churchyard in Co. Londonderry, and reads as follows :—" Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicholls, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1783. Had he lived he would have been buried here." Another Irish epitaph reads: " In loving memory of John Phillips, who was accidentally shot by his brother as a mark of affection."

Then there is one of rather a gruesome character told of a vicar who was showing a friend round the churchyard, and coming to his own little plot, he remarked, "that's where I'm going to be laid if God spares me."

An Irish labourer was heard to say that the only way to get a donkey to follow you was to get behind him and push. During some repairs to a roof another labourer—I suggest it was a different man—had occasion to remove a ladder temporarily, at the same time shouting to those remaining on the roof: " Hi there, don't come down that ladder ; I have taken it away."

It was a son of Erin who described in a letter home that " he had got a job for life and a pension afterwards."

Irish guard to passenger who has lost his

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ticket : "Shure if you haven't your ticket I must see it."

I think it was Wm. Carleton who published the following notice which he came across outside a grocery store somewhere in the west of Ireland : "No credit given barring them that axes it has the *ready money*."

It is on record that the late Serjeant Arabin, at one time Commissioner of the Central Police Court, London, said : "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will, therefore, give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have *irretrievably lost*." A son fell out with his wealthy parent, and during the quarrel informed the father that "he owed him nothing; if you had not been born I would have been heir to the property." A good companion story to the above is that of the lady who had some trouble with her son, and who was heard to exclaim : "Happy are the parents who have no children." By the same token did you ever hear what the irate father said to his ne'er-do-well son ? "You pay no more attention to me than if I was

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a dumb baste talking to you." An old Irish sexton was once asked how business was, replied it was very bad. "Why we hav'n't buried a *living* soul this week."

A friend of mine once heard a street brawl between two Dublin women, when one of them, with a shout of triumph, exclaimed: "If you want to find out anything about me go to Chapelizod; that's where all my progeny comes from."

I presume the bull contained in Gray's famous poem on "The playing fields of Eton," can be put down to poetic licence:

"To each their *sufferings*, all are men
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain
The *unfeeling* for their own."

And Milton also crossed the line with the following:

"Who shall tempt with wandering *feet*
The dark *unbottomed* infinite abyss,
And through the *palpable obscure* find out
His uncouth way."

Even in his love affairs the Irishman is inclined to get somewhat involved in his language, which explains the postscript to a

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lover's letter : " I would cut off my head for a sight of your beautiful eyes ;" while a gallant old Irish peer once said that " the best way to look at the faults of a pretty woman was to close your eyes." A lady asked a Dublin jarvey to drive slowly as she was getting old and didn't like fast pace. " Begorra, ma'am, no matter what age you are you don't look it," was his kind and chivalrous rejoinder.

Mr. Harry Hewitt Griffin sends me, for my collection, what he describes as " the best bull on record." Perhaps I had better give his letter : " My father, the late Major W. Hewitt Griffin, B.A., T.C.D., J.P., Asst. Adj.-General, used to relate, in my boyhood days in Canada, the following incident of his University days : At that time, about 1821, he, my father, was the best jumper at Dublin University ; he could clear 18 ft., which must have been about record then (19 ft. 4 in. won the English championship in 1873). Of course there were no sports, and the undergraduates amused themselves by jumping over a broad and muddy ditch which existed in the College Park. One day this was in full swing

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when up came a very raw youth who had only lately come into residence. He watched the "lepping" for some time, then my father challenged him to try his luck. The merry group of students were almost prostrated by his reply. Looking at the wide and uninviting "brook" he said in a brogue that cold type fails to reproduce :—

Shure now if I jumped ACROSS'T
I would fall in the MIDDLE
BEFORE I got HALF WAY

Needless to say there was no more jumping that day.

A Northern friend sends me this interesting specimen: "A very old maid-servant who has been with our family for fifty years, very domesticated in temperament, and who has seldom been fifty yards beyond my late father's house, was desirous of purchasing a pair of boots at the neighbouring village about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. Not caring to go alone to make her purchase it was arranged that an acquaintance would accompany her. When she returned from the village she exclaimed to my mother: "Mistress, I don't know how it is that Ellen knows everybody and I know

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nobody : when I was out I only met one man that I knew and that was John Andrews, and when I went up and spoke to him it wasn't him at all."

There is a story told of a new Chief Secretary, entering Dublin Bay, asking a fellow passenger *re* Irish bulls, and getting quick reply: "You pass two of them just now—there's the North Bull, and at the other side you see Ringsend."

The following are not without a certain amount of humour. Two Irish labourers working in the gloaming—Mike: "Have you a light there?" Pat: "Yes; but it's out." Irishman, looking down a well: "What a *height* it is down there." After a heated controversy, one politician remarked to another: "Afterthoughts are best." Back came the retort: "He is a wise man who has his afterthoughts first." Then there is the case of the provincial town councillor who proposed a resolution "to *whitewash* the ceiling of the town hall *green* in honour of the old flag." "Verbal agreements," said the Irish attorney, are not worth the paper they are written on. "Equality is my motto," proclaimed the democrat, "for I believe one

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man is as good as another, and a jolly sight better." The one, however, that always makes me smile is that of the Irishman who was sleeping with a companion. In the middle of the night he was discovered out on the floor. Asked by his bedfellow what he was doing there, he calmly replied: "I got out to tuck myself in." A young barrister defending a farmer down in Limerick got the sympathy of the jury by his peroration: "Gentlemen of the jury, think of his poor mother—his only mother." "The half-past nine train goes at ten and there will be no last train to-night," is the gist of the information given by a porter to a gentleman travelling on the line, while a Cork railway official recommended a lady not long ago "to go *over* the line by the subway," which recalls the story—no bull this time—of the other Irish porter who told the passenger (when he complained that the train was late) that "he took the time table too seriously." A young porter was heard shouting at Westland Row as the mail train was about to start for Kingstown: "This train stops nowhere." Rather a dangerous one to travel in, I should say.

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I always like the one about the Hibernian who explained to a friend that "he got the sack because he left without giving notice."

I cannot, however, personally vouch for the story of the doctor who wrote to the Press claiming "to have been the first to discover Asiatic cholera and communicated it to the public."

Another story told about a medical lecturer in a Dublin college also lacks confirmation: "One drop of this poison put on the tongue of a cat would kill the strongest man." While on the subject of examination stories, I am reminded of the examiner in the R.I.C. St. John's Ambulance Class. Addressing a pupil he asked: "How long would you keep on artificial respiration?" Pupil: "I would keep working his arms until he was dead." History does not record whether or not he got a first-class certificate.

I must not forget the "twin" bull told about the Irish athlete who said "he was first at last," and when he was laughed at explained, "Shure I was always behind before." An Irish drill sergeant was training some militia recruits, becoming impatient with their for-

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mation, exclaimed, "Just come round in front and look at yourselves." Then there is the old chestnut about the Irish nurse who shook up her patient with the admonition :—"Wake up and take your sleeping draught." I question if there is a more famous bull than is contained in the couplet to General Wade, the great road maker :

"Had you seen these roads before they
were made

You'd lift up your eyes and bless Marshal
Wade."

"I will knock the brains out of your empty head," was what I once heard a drunken harvestman say to a companion at the North Wall who had given him some cause for offence. And who has not heard of the man who "threatened to commit suicide or perish in the attempt." This is on "all fours" with the remark of an Irish father who said "he had five children, mostly boys and girls."

A well-known Dublin surgeon was called upon to attend an equally well-known citizen of Dublin who had met with a somewhat serious motoring accident. After the victim

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had recovered consciousness, in relating the details of the occurrence, he said: "I picked myself together to see whether I was dead or not." A member of the legal profession, in proposing a toast at the Bray Golf Club dinner this year, concluded a humorous speech by saying: "Joking apart, gentlemen, although up to now I have not been joking." I heard an old clergyman in the North of Ireland once refer to a certain sect as being "very good people, save for their wretched wickedness."

It was a descendant of Sir Boyle Roche who said: "A man who would stoop so low as to write an anonymous letter, the least he ought to do would be to sign his name to it."

A friend of mine overheard a farmer give the following advice to a companion who consulted him with regard to a threatened action:—"Hold your tongue, and when you speak say nothing." I remember hearing Mr. F. W. Crossley, of Tourist Development fame, refer to one of his motor *chars-a-banc* as "carrying an empty load."

A Dublin wine merchant once advertised

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the interesting fact that "he had still a small quantity of port on hands which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin." The appended advertisement appeared in an old Dublin paper dated 29th August, 1805: "Notice is hereby given that the fox cover at Turnant is poisoned for the preservation of game."

Lever in one of his books speaks of an old family in which it was hereditary not to have any children.

"Give me a crust of bread," said an Irish beggar, "for I'm so thirsty I don't know where I'll sleep to-night."

"Mike, you are the dirtiest boy in the school; just turn round and look at your neck," is attributed to an Irish schoolmaster.

A temperance lecturer once remarked: "I marvel at the strength of human weakness."

"You're a liar, and the truth is not in ye, and I'll knock it out of ye," is a bull that has travelled all the way from Cork.

But, then, I cannot go on indefinitely. The varied herd I have succeeded in gathering together abundantly proves that the bull belongs to a most prolific family.

POLITICAL BULLS

By general consent it is admitted that the House of Commons is a fine breeding place for bulls. As a matter of actual fact the political arena and the police court are responsible for more confusion of speech, arising from mental quickness and hasty tongues, than any other spheres of activity.

In the House members speak under considerable tension, knowing that every syllable is "bottled up" either for weal or woe, as the case may be. Hansard is the phonograph that can reproduce everything that is spoken into it at any time. Again, members are often called upon to criticise on the spur of the moment, with absolutely no preparation, and in such circumstances even the most experienced debaters find a difficulty in accurately speaking their thoughts. In the case of Irish Members it occasionally proves disastrous, for it is generally conceded that an Irishman's

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thoughts are quicker than his words, especially when speaking in the glare of that light that beats about the Mother of Parliaments. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he frequently gets ahead of himself by making mistakes that are far removed from actual blunders. This condition of mind is aptly expressed by Mr. George A. Birmingham in his recent book, "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," in which he describes an Irish bull as "an example of abnormal, perhaps morbid, mental quickness," and that it can be taken as an indication—not of dulness—but "as a piece of word painting too finely conceived for his audience."

However, as I am only concerned with the effects and not with the causes—which I leave to an abler pen—I must say that this gift of "mental quickness" often leads the politician into strange mazes, so far as the English language is concerned. The subsequent examples abundantly demonstrate this fact. According to Toby, M.P., in *Punch*, the best bull ever perpetrated was introduced to the House by Mr. O'Shee, M.P. for West Waterford, on the 24th April, 1911, when he asked

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as a supplementary question: "Is it not a fact that the only living *animals on this farm* are the *seagulls that fly over it*?" What finer picture of desolation could the mind of man conceive? I venture to say that Mr. O'Shee conveyed more to the imagination of the British House of Commons by this simple supplementary query than an English member could have done by a lengthy speech. If I were asked to nominate a "champion" bull I should plump for Dan O'Connell's unique specimen. It stands out supreme and unrivalled, and is, in my humble judgment, a prize winner every time. Referring to the births in Dublin having decreased 5,000 per year for four years, he exclaimed: "I charge the British Government with the murder of these 20,000 infants" (who were never born). I think it was Mr. Flavin, M.P., who said: "He hoped to convince every honourable member who sat on the floor of that House."

Mr. Wm. Field, M.P., speaking in the House not many years ago, when referring to the Budget proposals, said "certain figures should be decimated to the extent of one-fifth." The member for St. Patrick's Division

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is not only a most prolific bull maker, but on one occasion he amused the House by summing up his criticism of a Coercion Bill introduced by Mr. John Morley: "As the Scripture says—'It is all sound and fury, signifying nothing.'" But then he is not the only speaker who has mixed up the writings of the Immortal Bard of Avon with Holy Writ. It was also Mr. Field who, dissatisfied with a reply from the Chief Secretary with regard to a question he had asked *re* the cattle trade in Ireland, jumped up and asked the Speaker "if he could get private satisfaction!" One gem must always be associated with Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen), as extracted from a speech he made at Balham in 1880: "Ladies and gentlemen, if this coercion measure is passed no man in Ireland will be able to speak upon politics unless he is born deaf and dumb;" which brings to my recollection the peroration of a well-known Hibernian politician: "So long as Ireland remains silent on this question England will be deaf to our entreaties."

One of the best double-barrelled bulls is

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credited to an Irish member who was complaining of the over-taxation of his country :—
“If you put the hon. members on an uninhabited island they would not be there twenty-four hours before they had their hands in the pockets of the naked savages.”

“Arising out of the reply of the hon. member, I beg to say I did not hear him,” is attributed to a South of Ireland member, while a Scottish M.P. “reiterated what he was about to say.”

Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons in 1907, is reported to have said : “I am not going to trouble the House further than to *express* my *unutterable* disgust at the way in which I have been treated,” while an Ulster M.P. complained : “Mr. Speaker, if I had said that I would not have been allowed to.”

Mr. Shaw, at one time leader of the Home Rule party, once perpetrated a remarkable bull. In the early days of Home Rule agitation, addressing a meeting at Cork, held on a Sunday, he said : “They tell us that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or



"Father McFadden is known all over the world and other places besides."

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the ass fall into the pit on Sabbath-day we are enjoined to take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it, and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out.” Mr. Shaw could never afterwards be induced to say of the farmer and the landlord which was the ox and which the ass.

Another Irish member, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, speaking at the Solicitors' Debating Society, Dublin, on 28th October, 1907, is reported by the *Irish Times* to have said: “What was likely to happen? In my opinion, nothing is likely. That is what habitually happens in England.”

The Rev. Father McFadden was once introduced by an Irish M.P. as being “known all over the world, and other places besides.”

Mr. Justin McCarthy, tells a good story which contains a bull of more than ordinary proportions: “At one of the many exciting contests I took part in during my political life my agent came to tell me that one of my supporters had turned his coat, and called for cheers for my opponent. ‘But,’ said the agent with enthusiasm, ‘I am glad

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to say that the first man to knock him down for doing such a thing was his own wife.' ”

I have no recollection of ever having read anything in the nature of a bull in the speeches of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., although it is on record during the Boer war that the leader of the Irish race “at home and abroad,” referred to Kruger as “that grand old white-bearded burglar.” Of course it was a slip of the tongue for “burgher.” A labour candidate standing for North Belfast, in an appeal for the working man’s vote, assured his audience that he “was born without a penny in his pocket.” He also said that when he returned home after taking his seat in “Westminster Abbey” he would “not be ashamed to shake hands with his most humble supporter.” These quotations I can personally vouch for, as the speeches, which caused a great deal of amusement at the time, are to be found on the files of the “Belfast News-Letter.”

Again let me emphasise the fact that Ireland can claim no monopoly in these word

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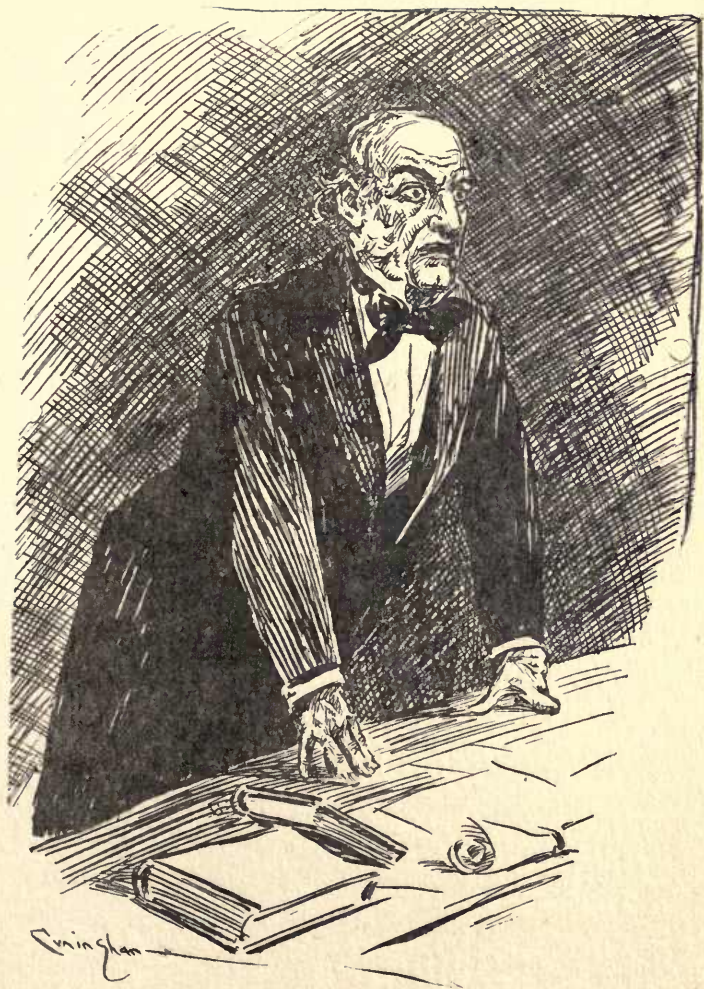
confusions. English and Scottish members are almost as prone to lose themselves in the thicket of metaphor. In support of this statement I submit the following examples : A London member is credited with saying that "Mr. John Burns held a pistol at their heads, but now it had come home to roost." The present Postmaster-General, Mr. Samuel, M.P., in speaking with regard to the taking over of the telephones by the Government, is reported by the *Daily Graphic* to have stated "that the number of new *overhead* wires would be comparatively small, and would be placed *underground*." Lord Curzon once said : "The interests of the employers and employed are the same nine times out of ten—I will even say ninety-nine times out of ten." Discussing Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill at a meeting at Shoreditch Town Hall, an English Tory member of Parliament wrought up the great audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm by declaring that "the time had come to strip to the waist and tuck up our shirt sleeves."

A young English M.P., when taunted with the jibes of the Irish members, proudly

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retorted by saying that : “ We on this side of the House are not such fools as we look.” On the principle that even Homer has been known to nod, such an experienced and accomplished Parliamentarian as the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., once gave himself away. It was during the course of a speech made while the Boer war was in progress. “ The hon. member,” Dr. Clarke, I think, “ did not want the truth ; the hon. member had asked for facts.” This seems to me about as bad as ever was perpetrated, since what is true must be a fact, and *vice versa*, but I have never seen it alluded to.

With hardly a single exception, political leaders at one time or another have added to their fame by an innocent slip of the tongue. Mr. Gladstone once remarked in the course of an interrupted speech : “ It is no use for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words.” There is another even more famous Gladstonian bull. Dilating on the hold the Church of England had on the affections of the people, he said : “ When an Englishman wants to get married, to whom does he go ?



"It is no use for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."



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To the clergy. When he wants to get his child baptised, to whom does he go? To the clergy. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The House answered with a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone himself joined, adding: "As I was contrasting the English Church with the Irish, a bull is perhaps excusable." Mr. Balfour also earned eternal fame as a bull maker when complaining that Scottish debates were carried on in a thin House, which he described as "an empty theatre of unsympathetic auditors." Lord Randolph Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, referred to a certain item in the Budget as "a mere fleabite in the ocean of our expenditure." Although Parnell was never guilty of what I might term bull making, yet he made an unconscious pun when proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Andrew Kettle for presiding over one of his meetings. He referred to the fact that "Kettle was a household word in Ireland." Mr. Smith O'Brien, who was associated with the rising in '48, once said—"The new Irish Flag would be Orange and Green, and would in future be known as the

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Irish *Tri-colour*." It was a Welsh member who declared that "it gave him great pleasure to nail the lie to the mast." A famous Irish member, Sir Patrick O'Brien, in a speech made after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, said: "Thank God the *bridge* is at last broken down that has so long *separated* the English and Irish people." It is on record that the late Mr. Dwyer Gray, referring to certain outrages, said, "three-quarters of them are exaggerated and one-half have no foundation in fact." Major O'Gorman, M.P., one of the greatest "characters" ever sent to represent the Irish people at Westminster, when discussing the Tithe Bill gave expression to the following: "The poor man was absolutely robbed by that accursed system by fully one-tenth of his hard earnings. Nay! he was sometimes deprived of as much as one-twentieth." It was Major O'Gorman who was once asked why Irishmen were so fond of *laying bare* their grievances, and replied, "Why, to have them *redressed*." Another Irish member referred on a famous occasion to the Orange Order as "the apple of discord."

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One of the best bulls ever perpetrated in the House came from Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P. A youthful Tory member sat down on his own hat. Mr. Harrington immediately rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable member upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it." Whether this bull was conscious or unconscious I leave my readers to judge.

"Why should the police be relieved from an obligation which rests upon other people?" is the gist of a question asked not many months ago in the House of Commons.

"If I have a prejudice against the honorable member it is in his favour." said an Irish representative during a heated debate.

Mr. Broderick—now Lord Middleton—speaking at Warrington four years ago, gave expression to the following: "The late Government had been attacked for their extravagance, and the Prime Minister promised that economy was to be the order of the day. In a few weeks it had been found that this promise was *full of emptiness*." "I am ignorant of the Government's reasons, but

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I disapprove of them," is an extract from the speech of an English member. President Harrison, in an address to Congress, once said that "the United States was at peace with all the world, and sustained friendly relations with the rest of mankind." So that the habit of making political bulls is not by any means confined to any one country.

If I were to collect all the slips made by our enthusiastic M.P.'s it would require a much larger volume than I have at my disposal. The examples I have given are sufficient to prove not only that "to err is human" but that we are all liable to make mistakes. As an Irish professor once put it, "even the very youngest of us."

MIXED METAPHORS

When a speaker or a writer uses one simile and then switches on to another before the sentence is completed—a mixed metaphor is the result. In the subsequent pages I submit a few striking examples gleaned from Parliamentary reports, Town Council meetings, and the columns of the daily Press. It will be observed how frequently the sword, the flag, the mast, and even the innocent beasts of the field, are mixed up in these amusing jumbles. That ancient mythical creation of the imagination known as the Centaur—half man and half horse—is quite a commonplace creature compared with the weird animal and mineral mixtures brought to our notice by some of our most representative men. In this department Irishmen again distinguish themselves, although they cannot claim a “corner” in these fascinating fancies of the human mind. Such delightful incongruities of speech contribute a great deal to the gaiety of nations.

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We could not do without them if we would and would not if we could.

A well-known orator is reported in a Dublin paper to have said that the action of a certain body "had kindled a blaze that would spread a wave of indignation throughout the land." An English Jingo member beat this figurative language by the following: "One thing his audience could rest satisfied with: whether the British Lion was roaming the plains of Canada or climbing the mountains of India, it would never draw in its horns or slink into its shell." At Walthamstow a speaker at a local Council meeting justified the contention that even mixed metaphors are not all Irish born. "I will draw my sword from the hilt, and will not cease firing until I have proved every statement to be true." The editor of an Ulster weekly recently wrote: "The flood-gates of intemperance were sown broadcast over the land;" whilst an Irish provincial paper, in reporting the funeral of a local celebrity, stated that, "amongst the tokens of respect was a beautiful wreath in the shape of a cross."

I believe it was Mr. T. Sloane (representative of South Belfast some years ago) who once

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appealed to the Government to "let its backbone come to the front." Another Hibernian M.P. accused the War Office as being "iron bound with red tape."

Sir Frederick Milner, speaking on a Budget, once said : "A cow may be drained dry ; and if Chancellors of the Exchequer persist in meeting every deficiency that occurs by taxing the brewing and distilling industries, they will inevitably kill the cow that lays the golden milk."

The Right Hon. Mr. James H. Campbell, M.P. for the Dublin University, went one better at a meeting held recently in the Constitutional Club, London, to protest against Home Rule. "It was unlikely that Ireland would cut herself adrift from the 'milch cow' while it was distilling golden sovereigns."

Here we have the serviceable cow acting in the dual capacity of supplying "golden" milk and "golden" sovereigns as well. Rather a valuable animal, which the politician paints for us! One such cow plus "three acres" would delight the heart of Mr. Jesse Collings, Birmingham's veteran M.P.

The Marquis of Londonderry is represented

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as saying in the House of Lords when dealing with the Land Act of 1896: "This is the keystone of the Bill—are you going to kill it?"

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, speaking in a debate on the Scotch Grand Committee, which he was attempting to show was a step on the road to Home Rule, said: "They are getting in the thin end of the wedge by a sort of side wind." It was Mr. Hopwood, at one time Recorder for Liverpool, who said: "Don't drive the steam engine of the law over people's consciences." During a debate on a motion made by Lord Hartington in the session of 1877, at a critical moment in the relations between Russia and Turkey, a British member is thus reported: "Sir, it requires only a spark to let slip the dogs of war." Mr. Rodwell, at one time member for Cambridge, opposing a suggestion of the Chairman of Ways and Means affecting procedure in respect of Private Bills, said: "If passed, the amendment would lead to gas bills going into the House of Commons with a rope round their necks." Mr. Thwaites, Conservative candidate for Blackburn at the

MIXED METAPHORS

General Election of 1880, perpetrated a remarkable piece of unconscious humour in the course of that contest. "Unfortunately," he said, "the Government is on the wrong side of the brook, but, however, we have a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has done his best. The right honorable gentleman has done what I would like you all to do, viz., when you lay an egg, put it by for a rainy day." Comment on this is superfluous.

Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, M.P., who often says delightful things, distinguished himself by the following slip: "Since the Government has let the cat out of the bag there is nothing to do but take the bull by the horns." Why the poor bull should be called upon to suffer because the cat had escaped from the bag is one of those things "no fellah can understand."

Mr. Wedgewood, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons on 15th December, 1911, referred to the Foreign Secretary as "a sphinx lashing his tail." I always thought a sphinx's tail was rooted to the soil, and "lashing" was about the last thing it would think of doing.

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A supporter of the Conservative candidate in the South Belfast election, 1903, is thus reported : "We will hoist the Union Jack on the top of the mast, and we will not allow it to be trampled under foot by the hand of any man ;" while another politician found himself "at sea" by the use of the following nautical simile : "We have our hands on the helm and won't leave the deck until we find ourselves inside the enemies' fortress."

It was an enthusiastic Free Trade tub thumper who relieved himself of this delightful medley : "Protection is as dead as a door nail. There is nothing now of it in evidence except its death struggles." Can my readers picture in their minds the "death struggles" of a common or garden door nail ? The scene would be enough to bring tears from the eye of a needle or blood from a stone.

The *Morning Post*, which is not an Irish paper, but a respectable English daily, was once responsible for this jumble : "We congratulate ourselves most on having torn off Cobbett's mask and revealed his cloven hoof. It was high time that this hydrahead of faction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

MIXED METAPHORS

Taking "a mask off the cloven hoof" is a feat only surpassed by "rapping the knuckles" of "the hydrahead."

During the Belfast strike I extracted the following gem from the correspondence column of a Northern paper: "We must not allow these lawless worms of the dust to trample our industries under their feet," which reminds me of the mixed-up simile of the Labour M.P. when he referred to "the bleating of the bruised worm." I can only assume by the use of these words that he took his audience for sheep.

When it comes to mixed metaphors commend me to the Dublin Corporation. Not long ago a speaker indignantly exclaimed: "This mare's nest of Councillor ———'s has sufficiently exploded itself." It would, I think, be hard to beat this for a mixed metaphor.

The mixed metaphors of a noisy interrupter at a Rand political meeting are worthy of chronicling: "Botha is sitting on the rail, with his ear to the ground, listening to see which way the cat will jump."

Mr. Hall Caine, in a Centenary Eulogy on Charles Dickens, as per article in London *Daily Telegraph* of 3rd February, 1912,

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said : "Dickens drank with both hands of the cup of life's happiness."

The writer of "Table Talk" in the *Daily News*, of 22nd November, 1910, gives some delightful examples in the art of mixing metaphors.

"The Duke of Portland's flowers of rhetoric in his speech at Nottingham," says this correspondent, "were evidently plucked in the backwoods. He is reported thus : 'The fate of the Constitution of our country and the safety of the Empire hung in the balance. In these circumstances they must fight with their backs to the wall. More than that, they must enter the enemy's country.'" I suppose this is what the military strategists call a combined operation.

The Duke's arrangement of metaphors reminds me of another eminent Tariff Reformer who is alleged to have declaimed in the heat of oratory : "That is our platform ! Let us nail it to the mast, gentlemen, and if necessary seal it with our blood."

And yet another : "These birds of prey," says the *Evening Times*, "must be rooted out." One would like to see a picture of this.

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“ Satire’s my weapon, but I’m too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.”

—*Pope.*

John Philpot Curran—advocate, poet and Parliamentarian—was the high priest of repartee, just as Sir Boyle Roche reigned supreme in the domain of involved utterance. Curran was born on the 24th July, 1750, in Newmarket, Co. Cork, and earned a great reputation in defence of the United Irishmen during the memorable trials associated with the rising in 1798. He was a member of the old Irish House of Commons, where he frequently crossed swords with Sir Boyle Roche, and on one occasion, at least, as I have already shown, he came off second best. After a brilliant career at the Bar, he became Master of the Rolls, and died in England on the 14th October, 1817. His remains were by his own special request interred in Glasnevin Cemetery. There is no one in Irish history so far as I can discover who was

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endowed with such remarkable gifts of short, sharp and incisive retort as the famous Irish lawyer. His witticisms and *bon-mots* are famed throughout the English-speaking world. Many of his replies to this day remain classics in the library of the Four Courts. His quick flashes in the shape of brilliant repartee made him feared and respected by both judge and witness. There is a story told of one judge—Justice FitzGibbon I think—who never disguised his professional hatred of Curran, and lost no opportunity of showing it. Now, FitzGibbon had a mastiff dog that had been trained to sit beside him in court. On this particular day, Curran was pleading before Justice FitzGibbon in a most important case. The judge appeared to pay no attention to what counsel was saying, and in order to emphasize his contempt he turned aside and audibly addressed some remarks to his canine companion. Curran stopped instantly. "Go on, sir," said the judge. "I beg your pardon," replied Curran, "I thought your lordships were in consultation." On another occasion he referred to a military witness as "this soldier" only to be interrupted with the

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remark, "Pardon me, I am an officer." Curran resuming said, "then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer who is no soldier."

He was pleading one day before Lord Clare (with whom he had previously had encounters as Justice FitzGibbon). After an angry exchange of views between bench and bar, his lordship called upon the sheriff to be ready to take Curran into custody in case he should further disturb the decorum of the court. To which the great advocate scornfully replied: "Do, Mr. Sheriff, go and get ready my dungeon; prepare a bed of straw for me; and upon that bed I shall to-night repose with more tranquillity than I should enjoy were I sitting upon that bench with a consciousness that I had disgraced it."

It is on record that the Munster bar held a meeting and passed a resolution of thanks to Mr. Curran for the spirit and pluck with which he had supported the privileges and dignity of the profession. A deputation was also appointed to wait upon the judge and deliver him a copy of this resolution.

He was once arguing a case before the self-same judge, who interrupted him in one of his arguments and cuttingly said:

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"Oh, Mr. Curran, if that is law I may burn my law books."

Curran drew himself up and, looking Lord Clare in the face, said with much truth and sarcasm :

" Better read them, my lord."

One day he was engaged in a case in which he had for a junior a remarkably tall and slender gentleman who had been originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with : "I refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

At a dinner table in London the conversation turned on public speaking. Curran stated that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips. "I have the advantage of you there, Curran," said Sir Thomas Turton, "I spoke the other night in the House of Commons for nearly five hours and never felt in the least thirsty." "That is very remarkable indeed,"

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replied Curran, "for everyone agrees that it was the *driest* speech of the session."

A complete collection of *bon-mots* attributed to Curran would fill many pages. I cannot, however, omit the following selected specimens :—A miniature painter upon his cross-examination by the illustrious Irishman was made to confess that he had put his arm round the waist of a certain lady customer. "I suppose you took the waist (*waste*) for a *common*," replied the great wit. A wealthy barrister once said to Curran that "no man should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Curran, "How many acres make a *wiseacre*?" He was once told that a very stingy and slovenly barrister had gone to London with a shirt and a guinea. "He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

Examining a county squire who disputed a coal bill, he asked : "Did he not send you the coals?" "He did, sir, but——." "But what? On your oath wasn't your payment *slack*?" A witness breaking down under deadly cross-examination complained to the judge that Curran had confused him. "Yes," added

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the lawyer, "A confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart." He once referred to an individual who took himself too seriously as being "afraid to smile lest anybody might suppose he was too familiar with himself." Which reminds me of a somewhat similar epigram by the famous Daniel O'Connell, who in describing a proud, haughty person, once said, "he had all the characteristics of the poker except its occasional warmth." One day Curran being apprised that a certain gentleman was going about personating him, "A cat might as well run across the keys of a piano and call it music" was his not over-modest simile.

Curran was walking through one of the streets of Newmarket on an occasion when he happened to see two men who for years were deadly enemies standing at a corner in very agreeable conversation.

"Halloa," said Curran, "what are you doing there?"

"Killing time," said one.

"Well, I see you are going to bury the hatchet," said the wag.

Before Curran died he got square with Sir Boyle Roche in the repartee account. The latter



CURRAN AND THE "TWO ENEMIES."

Curran: "Halloa! What are you doing there?"

Old Rivals (together): "Killing time."

Curran: "Glad to see you are going to bury the hatchet"

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was very proud of his matrimonial alliance with the aristocracy, and never ceased to boast that a certain baronet had given him his eldest daughter. "If he had had an older one he'd have given her to you," was Curran's withering answer.

Even the church did not escape his scathing satire. One Sunday morning he was present at a sermon delivered by a pastor with whom he was intimate. When the sermon was over Curran met the preacher outside the church.

"I hope," said the latter, "you did not consider my sermon too long."

"Not at all," retorted Curran, "nor too deep either."

One of the smartest sallies took place on the streets of Cork, where Curran was exceedingly well-known. In going into the Court one day to prosecute a popular Cork citizen, Sir Henry Hayes, for abduction, an old lady said to him: "Good luck to you; I hope you'll win the day, Mr. Counsel." "If I do," replied Curran, "you'll lose the *knight*." It is interesting to note as a sequel, that the worthy, or rather unworthy, knight was lost to the City of Cork for a period of fourteen years.

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"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig, Curran?" asked a vain barrister whose displaced head-gear had caused some merriment in court. "Nothing, *except your head*, sir," answered Curran.

A blustering Irish barrister once told the little man he would put him in his pocket if he provoked him further. "If you do you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head," was the stinging reply.

Even to the very end the great lawyer retained his reputation for witty sayings.

A few mornings before his death, the doctor observed to him that he coughed very badly. "That's very queer," said the great Irish wit with a twinkle in his faded eye, "for I've been practising all night."

A parallel story was told to me some time ago by Mr. James Talbot Power, D.L., with regard to Father Healy, who was also greatly distinguished for his powers of repartee. During Father Healy's last illness he heard the news that a life-long friend—who, by the way, was a member of the Dublin County Council—was also critically ill. Day by day he insisted upon receiving the news concerning

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his friend's condition. Each day brought an unfavourable report, for, like Father Healy, he was gradually becoming weaker and weaker. The night before the great wit passed away he made his last enquiry, and when told that his old friend was sinking fast he closed his eyes and said: "I'm afraid its going to be a dead heat."

A book could be written about Father Healy's remarkable powers of repartee, an art which has been truly described as the highest form of wit and the best index to genius. Perhaps one or two of his "masterpieces" would not be out of place here. The one that comes first to my mind is the incident when he was being catechised by a young A.D.C. at the Viceregal Court in something like this style: "As you are well up in Biblical points, will you tell us the difference between the cherubim and the seraphim?" To which Father Healy replied: "There *was* a difference between them a long time ago, but they have made it up now." Asked what Tim Healy would be when we got an Irish Parliament, he wittily answered: "An old man. He was dining one evening with the Protestant

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rector of Bray, when in course of a theological conversation the latter remarked: "Well, Father Healy, I have been 60 years in this world and I have not yet discovered the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant." "You won't be 60 seconds in the next world until you find out," was his rapid rejoinder. He is also credited with saying that he would prefer Heaven for climate but Hell for society, as all his friends were Protestants. The writer of his biography tells a story about his meeting with a fellow-priest who had only just been promoted to the dignity of Canon. With his usual courtesy, Father Healy offered his sincere congratulations. To which the new Canon humbly replied: "Father James, I suppose it is as high an attainment as I shall ever reach in the Church." "I don't know about that," said the ever-ready divine, "You might be *suspended* yet." Writing of Canons reminds me of one other tale. Canon Farrell, during one of his many visits to Father Healy's hospitable home at Bray, when asked what wine he would have at the dinner, replied: "I hear your Scotch whiskey has a great reputation."

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Instantly the decanter was pushed across the table with the accompanying quotation : "Go seek the bubble reputation even in the Canon's mouth." At one of these dinner parties where the Church was very largely represented, Father Healy's wit shone with more than usual brilliance. After dinner one of the priests said : "Father Healy, we have all been wondering where you got your wonderful gifts of wit and repartee from." "Now that you have inquired," said the worthy wit, "I think it must have been from my gifted mother—my father was as common as any of you."

On another occasion the subject of the origin of mistletoe was being discussed. When the discussion had reached a certain point a lady who sat next Father Healy turned to him and remarked : "This does not interest you, Father Healy." "No," was the reply, "we do it *sub rosa*."

When convalescent after an illness, a parishioner said to him : "It's well you are better." "Yes," he responded, "but it would be better if I were well."

The rector of Dalkey met the famous wit

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one day and observed as he pointed to the Protestant church, which is erected on a hill : " One thing is sure, my church is built on a rock." " Yes, a blasted one," replied the priest.

Father Healy told a good story about an old lady whom he detected telling him a lie, and when he pointed it out she excused herself by saying : "I lost my presence of mind, yer riverence."

Space alone prevents me giving further examples of Father Healy's wonderful gift in the art of " hitting back," but I must keep room for one or two historic specimens from other distinguished men. I cannot, however, leave the subject without saying that Father Healy's satire never hurt. It was like a celebrated cocoa, " absolutely pure, therefore best," and never left any trace of unpleasantness behind. As his own curate was wont to say, " It is not so much what he says as the way he says it."

Father Arthur O'Leary, another very noted Irish priest, once got the better of Curran in an encounter. The famous Irish lawyer remarked in one of his gay moods : " Now, I wish when I die that you had the key of Heaven."

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"Why?" asked O'Leary.

"Oh," replied Curran, "because you could then let me in."

"It would be better for you," retorted the friar, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "if I had the key of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Lord Morris, noted for his rich western brogue, was trying a case in Coleraine, in which a gentleman sought damages from a veterinary surgeon for the alleged poisoning of his valuable horse. A dispensary doctor, called for the defence, said that he had given eight grains to a man, and considered twelve not too much for a horse.

"Docthor, dear, never mind yer eight grains," said the judge, "in this particular matter, because we all know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, an' ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this. The twelve grains, the twelve, wouldn't they kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?"

"I don't know, my lord," answered the doctor pompously; "I never had the honour of prescribing for him."

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“ Ah, no, docthor, dear, ye never had—and more’s the pity, for the ould boy is still alive.”

The story is told of Campbell Foster, who was once addressing a jury, and was much annoyed by Digby Seymour carrying on a conversation during the hearing of the case. Presently he lost all patience, and, in his best brogue, said : “ Pray, Mr. Saymour, be quiet.” “ My name is not Saymour, it’s Seymour,” corrected Digby. Whereupon Foster angrily rejoined : “ Then, sir, see more and say less.”

A rapier thrust of this character is enough to silence the most noisy advocate.

Voltaire earned a deservedly great reputation in the art of saying smart things, and in the historic collection of famous retorts there are none that stand out so prominently as the following shining example of his quick-witted genius : On hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, he burst forth into an eloquent panegyric upon him. His visitor said such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke highly of him. “ Well, well,” replied Voltaire, “ perhaps we are both mistaken.”

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There is another retort, that must in time become a "classic," concerning the late Provost Salmon and Dr. Mahaffy, whose names are so closely interwoven with old Trinity College, Dublin, and whose intellects have helped to make it respected throughout the educational world. It appears that Dr. Salmon was discussing with Dr. Mahaffy the question of corporal punishment for boys. The Provost was in favour, but the Professor opposed. In order to clinch the argument Dr. Mahaffy stated that "he had a distinct recollection that he had only been punished once as a boy, and, strange to say, it was for telling the truth." "Well you know, Mahaffy, it cured you," was the Provost's innocent reply.

Dean Swift could always give a Roland for an Oliver in any wordy war. His most famous—and by this time stereotyped—retort was given to Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, when she said to him: "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy."

"For Heaven's sake, my lady," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do they will certainly tax it."

Swift was accosted one day in a Lancashire

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town by a drunken weaver, who staggering against him, said—

“I have been spinning it out.”

“Yes,” said the Dean, “and now you are reeling it home.”

No collection, however, would be complete without a specimen from the *repertoire* of Father Burke. The famous preacher was brought into touch with a bishop at a charity bazaar.

On the morning of the bishop's departure, Father Burke met him on his way to the station.

“You'll be late for the train, my lord,” he reminded him.

The bishop looked at his watch, and taking the Father by the arm walked leisurely to the station, to find that the train had gone.

The bishop looked again at his watch.

“Well, Father Burke, I had absolute faith in my watch.”

“But faith without works is dead,” was the witty reply.

An eminent lawyer met his old-time friend, Thomas Fuller, the great historian and divine. After the usual congratulations

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and a hearty hand clasp, Mr. Fuller remarked—

“You are looking remarkably well. Aren't you filling out a little?”

“No, indeed,” said the celebrated lawyer, who was rather on the lean side. “You probably think so because I am looking Fuller in the face.”

There is an excellent story told concerning a well-known prison chaplain, who was remarkable for his ready wit. While travelling on a steamboat on the river Suir a notorious sharper, who wished to get into his good graces, said: “Father, I should like very much to hear one of your sermons.” “Well,” said the clergyman, “you could have heard me last Sunday if you had been where you should have been.”

“Where was that, pray?”

“In the county jail,” and his newly made acquaintance was immediately “snowed under.”

“I'll cut you off with a shilling,” said an Irish squire to his son. “Where would you get the shilling, father?” retorted the erring youth.

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In the closing days of the 17th century John Parsons was travelling in a coach with Lord Norbury—known at that period as a most merciless judge. Passing a gibbet, Norbury said with a chuckle: “Parsons, where would you be now if that gallows had its due?” “Riding alone, my lord,” was the deadly reply.

Brinsley Sheridan had a noble friend who was fond of re-telling his stories, but in the process always mutilated them almost beyond recognition. In relating his latest tale Sheridan took the trouble to preface it with the remark: “A joke in your mouth, my lord, is no laughing matter.” I sincerely hope in the reproduction of these witty sayings by eminent men they have suffered nothing at my hands, and that Sheridan’s sarcasm is not applicable to your humble servant.

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Coming to more modern times the question is frequently asked : Is the Irishman's wit declining? Now, Ireland is an open book to me. I know it from the Glens of Antrim to the purple mountains of Kerry. I have come into contact with the people in every walk and condition of life, and I have no hesitation in saying that the wit and repartee of the Irish people shine as brightly to-day as they ever did. It is impossible for anyone to travel in Ireland without realising this fact unless he is absolutely devoid of a sense of humour. All you have got to do is to keep your eyes and ears open, when you will find much to interest and amuse almost every day. In support of this contention I have pleasure in submitting one or two leaves from my own note-book, together with a few extracts from the diaries of my friends, comprising bright, witty sayings and quick retorts, most of which have never seen the light before.

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First let me give one or two personal experiences to show that repartee as a weapon of defence has not lost its power. I always think that the best stories are against oneself, which explains why I find pleasure in retailing the following reminiscence:—In my young sporting days I was one of the Irish Cyclists' Association judges at the opening of the Ballymena sports ground, having as a colleague "at the tape" a well-known sporting priest, Father Boylan. Now, the committee of the club took the precaution to post notices all over the enclosure that no betting would be allowed. Notwithstanding the numerous warnings and penalties attached thereto, the "bookies" turned up, and were carrying on quite a brisk trade; so much so, indeed, that the events were temporarily suspended while one or two members of the committee tried to have the offenders ejected from the grounds. In the midst of the turmoil my fellow-judge, the aforesaid Father Boylan, left his place, and to my surprise, exercised his influence on the side of the "takers of odds." In fact, I heard him say to a member of the committee: "Leave the poor fellows alone;

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they have as much right to a living as I have."

Coming from a reverend gentleman, the appeal struck me as being couched in a spirit of sweet reasonableness one does not always associate with these public moralists, so, at the dinner that evening, I opened an attack upon my fellow-judge after the following fashion: "Father Boylan, I wish I were a rich man." "Why so?" he answered. "Because after the broad opinions I heard you give expression to to-day regarding those 'bookies' I would like to appoint you as my private chaplain." Again came back the query: "Why?" "For the reason that I would not be afraid to make my confessions to you." The reverend gentleman looked at me for a moment, and smilingly retorted: "That's all very nice for you, but for me it would be a very dirty job." I recall this incident, because I do not remember an occasion when I was so completely and so overwhelmingly vanquished. Indeed, after puzzling my brain for fifteen years I am still without a suitable reply.

The late Michael A. Manning (whose friendship I enjoyed for many years before

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his all too early death) had a caustic tongue and could use it with withering effect when the occasion demanded it. I recollect one evening not many years ago, at a dinner in the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, I was seated in one of the vice-chairs with Mr. Manning on one side and a self-satisfied Saxon on the other. In course of the evening my English friend took it into his head to throw ridicule upon the Irish language, and this is how he did it. "Percy, I am sorry to see that Dublin is now overrun with Jews. They seem to have taken possession of the place." "What makes you say that," I asked. "Why, you have got Jewish names for the streets and Yiddish shop signs all over the place." This was more than poor Manning could stand, so dropping his serviette right on the floor he turned to me with a deep earnest voice and said, "These are the ignorant bounders who are trying to rule us." Needless to add, there was nothing further said about the Gaelic language that evening.

A friend of mine was over with an Irish athletic team in Northampton some years

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ago, and after the contest he was put up at the dinner to respond to the toast of "The visitors." In the course of his remarks he referred to the fact that these international gatherings did a lot of good, and helped to bridge over the 64 miles that separated Ireland from England. When he reached this point he was interrupted by a member of the Irish team, who happened to be a young solicitor. "Pardon me," said the interrupter, "68 miles." My friend, however, was equal to the occasion, as he simply retorted, "Mr. Chairman, don't heed this unseemly interruption; my friend is a lawyer and can't get away from the eternal six and eight." I was present at this function, and can testify that the applause with which this inspiration was greeted was both loud and prolonged.

Even in the most humble walks in life one hears the most brilliant replies. I recollect many years ago telling an old flat-footed waiter at the Wicklow Hotel, Dublin (when he brought me a chop in a hurry) that he was an angel, and the answer I got was: "I am, sir; but I fly low."

Some years ago, when touring in Co.

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Kerry, I took shelter in a blacksmith's shop at the foot of Coomakista Pass, and during my short stay I observed that the smithy had an unusually large stock of horse shoes hanging round the walls. Having nothing better to say I remarked: "If there is any truth in the old superstition about the horse shoe bringing luck, you ought to have plenty of it this year." "Begorra, sir, I would have more luck if I had them on the horses' feet," was his instant reply, and he went on hammering the anvil as if he had said nothing out of the common. My brother told me a rather good story, which I am sure has never found its way into print before. He was coming home from a football match at Lansdowne Road some time ago, and was fortunate enough to get a jarvey with a high-spirited horse. Now, if you want to please an Irish jehu, say something nice about the animal in the shafts. Acting on this maxim, my brother said: "That's a fine 'grand national' you have got there—a regular lepper." The jarvey looked pleased, but nothing more was said until coming down Westland Row. Just before the railway bridge was

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reached he turned to his fare and said—as he pointed to the overhead railway track: “Shall we go under it or *over* it, sir?”

The late Baron Dowse, whose reputation for wit is even to-day well known, was, when a Queen’s Counsel, asked by a judge: “For whom are you concerned in this action, Mr. Dowse?” “I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am *briefed* by the defendant.”

Another story that always appeals to me is the one told about a well-known Irish judge, not noted for his deep insight into law, and whose decisions were constantly reversed by the Court of Appeal. One morning “my lud” kept all the officials and practitioners waiting for over half an hour, and when he came into court he explained his absence by saying that “he had been delayed through a splinter getting into his finger.” A witty young barrister in a whispering tone was instantly heard to remark to his senior: “The old buffer has been scratching his head.”

One of the greatest masters of repartee in Ireland during the last twenty years was the late Colonel Saunderson, M.P. Many instances of his quick, lightning wit might be given.

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The Unionist member for North Armagh was a prime favourite with his Home Rule rivals.

It is recorded that on one occasion a Nationalist member said to the Colonel when he was leading the "Ulster fight": "You know we all like you very much and if you come over to our side we would put you at the top of the tree." "Yes," slyly retorted the Colonel, "with a rope." During the 1896 Home Rule debate he was challenged by a previous speaker to produce some real live arguments and not hackneyed phrases against the measure. Pointing to the Home Rule benches he replied: "Why there are 72 of them sitting over there all *living* arguments against Home Rule."

Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., is credited with a pretty wit. In a divorce case, some years ago, Tim was within an ace of getting the court cleared through a biting remark. The counsel opposed to Tim opened his case rather "above his paper." In the course of his address he stated that when he read the horrible details of the case on his brief, tears came to his eyes. In opening for the defence, the member for County Cork began thus: "Gentlemen of the jury, the horrible details

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of this case have brought tears to the eyes of my learned friend. Really, gentlemen, no such miracle has happened since Moses struck the rock." It was only when the presiding judge told those in court that "this was not a theatre," that the proceedings were resumed. There is another Healy story—an unreported incident told me by a gentleman who was on the jury. It was a timber case, in which Tim, K.C., was leading counsel for the defence. In the course of the case a youthful witness was put up as an expert on the plaintiff's side. He gave his evidence very fairly. Tim got up to cross-examine. He merely asked two questions: "What age are you?" "Twenty-one years." "How long have you been in the timber trade?" "Two years." Tim resumed his seat with the withering retort, "a regular babe in the wood, my lord," which, needless to add, completely discounted the evidence of the youthful expert.

A special chapter could easily be devoted to the part repartee plays in the political arena. One or two specimens will suffice to show its effectiveness in disposing of the interrupter. When the present Duke of Leeds was Marquis

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of Carmarthen he contested Brixton in the Conservative interest. At that time he had a most youthful appearance, a fact that was taken advantage of by a heckler at an open-air meeting on the eve of the poll. In the course of his closing speech the young candidate was interrupted by the remark: "Does your mother know you're out?" "She does, and I hope before this time to-morrow night she'll know I am in," was the masterly reply. I recollect when the late Alderman Hammond—who, by the way, was a very old gentleman with long flowing hair—contested Newcastle-on-Tyne against the present Lord Morley, one night at a crowded meeting a voice cried out from the centre of the hall: "Get your hair cut?" Mr. Hammond—who was a magistrate in the city—pointed to the interrupter, with this overwhelming retort: "I think from the appearance of the gentleman who has just uttered that exclamation that I have been the means of getting his hair cut on several occasions." Needless to add, there were no more interruptions that evening.

In the course of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign he addressed a meeting in

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the Walsall Theatre. When the member for West Birmingham had resumed his seat a workingman in the audience got up and enquired from the chairman if he might ask a question. The request was readily granted. "What I want to know is this: Is Mr. Chamberlain going to tax my food?" Voice from the back of the hall: "Sit down, you silly ass, he ain't going to tax thistles."

There is a story told of an Irish member who on one occasion blocked a local water bill in the House. Addressing his constituents some time afterwards, an elector under the influence of drink kept "nagging": "What about the water bill?" This went on for some time, and at length the member returned the attack. "Yes, my friend, it is obvious you want a water bill; you have all the other elements."

The late Michael A. Manning used to tell some good Irish election stories about the days when the McCarthyites and Parnellites were in deadly conflict. Manning was a tower of strength to the Parnellites in those good old fighting days, and was in great demand as a platform speaker all over the country. In

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my humble opinion he was one of the finest orators Ireland has produced for about a quarter of a century at least. C. Phillips, the biographer of John Philpot Curran, in speaking of the great advocate, said: "Never did eloquence appear in so many luminous forms or in so many affecting modulations." Phillips also refers to Curran's "irony as being invincible and his pathos overwhelming." The same might truthfully be said of the late Michael A. Manning. He could move an audience from laughter to tears at his will. As an after-dinner speaker he had no equal, and so far as I know has left behind no successor. "None but himself could be his parallel." Poor Manning led an adventurous life. He played the part of actor, editor, lecturer, and politician, and, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "he touched nothing he did not adorn." It is, however, as a politician I would like to refer to him in this chapter, as many a good political story he told me. On the eve of the poll of a famous election in Waterford, when John Redmond was contesting *Urbs Intacta* against Michael Davitt, an old woman came to Manning as the local leader of

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the Parnellite forces and enquired : " Well, my big man"—Manning was twenty-three stone weight—" how do you think we will do to-morrow ?" Mike replied : " Ma'am, I think we'll just win by a head." " Be jabbers, I hope it will be as big as your own;" was the instant reply. On another occasion Manning went down to Cork to help the Parnellite candidate against Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien—commonly known as " Alphabet " O'Brien. One of the chief claims O'Brien had on the suffrages of Cork was the fact that fifty years before he had been sentenced in the County Cork courthouse to be " hanged, drawn, and quartered." This phrase he used so frequently that it became almost stereotyped during the election. On the night before the poll, in addressing a large mass meeting, he again reminded his audience that so many years before he had been sentenced to be " hanged, drawn, and quartered " in the city of Cork. No sooner had he said so than the wife of a prominent supporter of Mr. Parnell rose and shouted : " I'll be *hanged* if you'll *draw* in this *quarter*." Manning often told me that in the whole of his election experiences—which were pretty exten-

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sive—this was the best bit of repartee he ever heard.

There are other Manning stories, one or two of which can be more appropriately told in the next chapter.

I once heard Mr. Birrell make a delightful retort, but then “Birrellisms” and “smart sayings” are synonymous terms. During my year as President of the Institute of Journalists I attended a dinner at the Provost’s house, Trinity College, Dublin, given by Provost Traill. As the guests were departing I was having a chat with Mr. Justice Dodd with regard to a big libel case in which I had been the successful defendant, and Sergeant Dodd (as he was then) the leading counsel for the plaintiffs. As we were chaffing each other over the matter Mr. Birrell emerged from the cloak-room, and, seeing the judge standing facing the open hall door, took him gently by the shoulder and asked him to keep out of the draught, as he “did not want a vacancy on the Bench.” Judge Dodd sharply retorted: “That need not worry you, Mr. Birrell, as I feel sure there are lots of applicants.” “Applicants!” said the Chief Secretary, as he stepped into

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his motor car, *"it would take an epidemic to satisfy them."*

As I have already said, repartee is the purest and highest form of wit, especially when it leaves no sting behind. A flash of brilliant satire will "scotch" the most voluble opponent whether in the world of politics, commerce, or law. With complete command of this deadly weapon the politician, the lawyer, or the businessman need "fear no foe in shining armour" I care not how logical or long-winded his rival may be. But repartee to be effective must be instantaneous. Thackeray used to say that his best retorts came to him driving home from the dinner in a cab, which is, I should think, a common experience with most people. Repartee is only repartee when it returns the blow with the speed, skill and precision of a champion prize-fighter. In the one case it is the science of the eye and hands, and in the other it is the well-trained tongue regulated by an equally well-balanced, quick-witted mind.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THINGS

I don't know how it is that the jarvey has always been held up in Ireland as the standard of all that is brightest and best in the sphere of wit, repartee, and humour. Although a close and observant student of Irish life and character, I must confess I have not found it so. If humour is to have a patron saint in Ireland let the halo be put upon the head of the waiter, for he undoubtedly is the quaintest genius the world has ever seen. To begin with, Irishmen — not being a servile race — were never born to wait — at least they wait too long. Anyhow, they don't seem to fit into the business. Whatever the cause may be, I have found more unconscious humour amongst the waiting fraternity than in the ranks of any other class—not excluding the ranks of the jaunting car. Within recent years the jarvey has almost completely lost his sense of humour, and the unreasonable attitude he has taken up with

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regard to the introduction of taxi-cabs into Dublin can be accepted as a sign of deterioration in this as in other directions. There is one waiter story that never fails to amuse my friends, and I think I am right in saying it has never been published before. For many years I used to lunch regularly at the Dolphin Restaurant, where I was looked after attentively by a real typical waiter. In course of time my attendant mysteriously left, probably because he got the "sack." I had forgotten all about him until one day, going into another restaurant—not quite so high-class as the Dolphin—and after taking my seat at the table, I was waited on by my old friend. He looked very dejected, and did not appear to feel at home in his new position. I had a glance at the *menu*, which, I may add, was not over tempting, so, addressing the long lost *garçon*, I said : "Now, tell me honestly, what would you recommend to-day ?" Lifting the *menu*, and making a kind of megaphone out of it, he whispered into my ear, "To go to the Dolphin, sir."

Some years ago during the Irish motor car trials I was agitating a bell for an attendant at

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the Railway Hotel, Galway. After a long delay the waiter condescended to appear, but instead of getting my order executed I was subjected to the following rebuke : "Ring on, ring on ; you are not the only bally guest in the place."

This recalls a story on similar lines told by one of my colleagues about a certain hotel on the banks of Lough Erne, which was crowded with visitors during a memorable motor boat week. Whether it was the rush of business or the sudden success I cannot say, but the whole organisation completely broke down from the kitchen to the service. The result was that the first morning no one got any breakfast. Next morning one of the visitors, after waiting about ten minutes, determined he would be served or know the reason why, so striking the table he demanded that the head waiter should be brought. In due course the responsible head appeared, looking quite bleary-eyed. With pent up feelings of indignation my friend yelled out : "The waiting here, sir, is very bad." The only reply vouchsafed was : "It is, sir, d—d bad." Needless to say, the soft answer not only turned away

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wrath, but put the lid on any further controversy.

I believe it is Mr. Percy French who tells the story about ringing a bell in the coffee room of a provincial hotel. After almost pulling the handle out of the socket an attendant entered and with a surprised look on his face enquired: "What the devil are you pulling that for?" "To ring the bell, you fool." "Let me tell you, sir," said the attendant, "if you want that bell to ring you will have to come out into the hall and throw your hat at it."

A friend of mine some years ago was dining in a well-known Limerick hostelry. When the cheese was being served he enquired: "Waiter, have you any celery (salary)?" "No, sir, nothing but my chances." Not very long ago another friend of mine met a very old acquaintance at a well-known seaside resort in County Donegal, and decided to celebrate the meeting by ordering a bottle of wine. Ringing the bell, an old-fashioned waiter wearing Dundreary whiskers answered the call. My friend selected the brand, gave the order, and just as the waiter was leaving the room he

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called after him: "Waiter, recollect it must be dry champagne." After a very long delay the waiter re-appeared empty-handed and looking quite downcast. "Very sorry, sir, we have no *dry* champagne ; the only kind we have is in bottles."

If I were asked to name two of the quaintest humorists in Ireland inside the past twenty years I should without hesitation nominate Michael Manning and "Jacques" M'Carthy, both of whom have passed away to the great Beyond. Manning had the sense of humour very highly developed. As already indicated, he was a prominent politician, and I was always puzzled to understand how it was that he never found his way to Westminster. During the troublesome days in Ireland he was in prison several times for publishing reports of suppressed branches of the Land League in the columns of a paper over which he exercised editorial control. He was wont to tell some most amusing tales in this connection. On one memorable occasion he was out on remand, and when he put in an appearance he raised a large travelling bag on the edge of the dock which bore an inscription in large letters

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“ Michael A. Manning, Esq., Clonmel Jail.” At a social function in Dublin some years afterwards he was introduced to Mr. Gerald Balfour—then Chief Secretary for Ireland—and is reported to have said : “ I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Balfour. Your brother Arthur saved my life.” “ Oh, indeed,” said the Chief Secretary. “ I am deeply interested. Tell me all about it.” “ Well, he gave me six weeks in Clonmel prison, and I came out with a new liver.” But the best story Manning told was associated with his student days when his father was Mayor of Waterford. One night he was caught along with some other “ young bloods” red-handed in the act of knocker-wrenching. Three of the delinquents were brought before the Mayor in the morning. The Chief Magistrate took a very serious view of the case, and said he was determined to put down this class of offence. So, after an admonition on the seriousness of the charge, he fined them each 40/- or a month’s imprisonment. Manning’s two friends paid up and looked pleasant. Mike, addressing his father from the dock, said : “ I prefer to take the month. I leave you to settle with

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mother." Needless to add, the Mayor, in order to avert domestic trouble, paid the fine himself. Manning twice received the late King Edward VII., and read the Township Address at Kingstown upon his Majesty's arrival there. I am told that his sonorous style greatly impressed the King. A friend once suggested that Manning should go to meet the King mounted on a charger. "So I would but for the sur-charger," was the prompt reply. I was once beside Manning at a dinner at the Mansion House, Dublin, and when some dish was put before him, he viewed it with suspicion as being tainted. The suspicion became a conviction upon tasting a morsel, and pushing the plate from him and looking at Mr. Bonass, the law agent of the Dublin Corporation at the time—who was his *vis-a-vis*—he said with a quizzical smile, "Bonass, I think we'll move for a new trial." A volume of capital stories might be written about poor Manning. Perhaps one day a biographer may be found who will do justice to one who was a giant in stature and in intellect, and whose humour radiated and brightened up everything as the rays of a summer sun.

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“Jacques” M’Carthy was a different type. He was a picturesque, rugged character, whose natural humour and epigrammatic wit made him a prime favourite everywhere, and in no circle was he more esteemed for his originality than in the ranks of his own profession. He was noted as a journalist for his quaint wit, great resource, and unfailing geniality. “Jacques” was recognised to be the best judge of Rugby football in the United Kingdom. I heard Professor Tyrrell once say at a journalists’ dinner in Dublin that the finest phrase he ever read in a press report came from “Jacques’” pen. It was contained in an account of an international match, in which Ireland triumphed over the proud Saxon. In describing a brilliant try, he wrote—“Ryan crossed the line, festooned with Saxons.” In the opinion of one of the finest English scholars in the world this is the best descriptive phrase that was ever written by a working journalist. A book might also be written about poor old “Jacques.” My difficulty in retailing stories representative of his humorous side is one of selection. However, the following must be told should the heavens fall. As I

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have previously remarked, he was a great authority on football, and for many years wrote an article on the game in "Marshall's Handbook." In this series he once described the three games of football as played in Ireland thus—"In Rugby you kick the ball, in Association you kick the man if you cannot kick the ball, in Gaelic you kick the ball if you cannot kick the man." "Jacques" used to go round the daily Press of Dublin with great regularity. He was on the *Freeman* to-day, *Irish Times* to-morrow, and later on the *Independent* would claim him. For a brief period he found himself without a medium for his sporting notes, and the story goes that during his temporary want of employment he was walking down Sackville Street one day with a friend when his eye caught a "stop press" poster containing the words "Situation in the Far East." Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Begob, I'll apply for it." He was once connected with a Dublin daily in which many changes of proprietorship and management had been made. During a transition period from one proprietor to another he met an old Press acquaintance who invited him to come [and have a refresher.

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"Jacques," who was on the way to the office with some urgent copy, refused. His friend, in order to reassure him, said: "You need not be afraid; I just met your boss coming down Dame Street." "My boss!" replied "Jacques," "you must have met a blooming procession."

I also find a good deal of humour amongst railway officials. As my friend, Mr. F. W. Crossley, has published a book of railway stories, I am not going to trespass on his preserves. There are, however, three stories, not in the book, well worth re-telling. This "trio" all relate to the West Clare Railway, which is said to be the slowest form of mechanical traction in the old or new world.

During the recent Vice-regal Commission, a reverend Father was examined with regard to the facilities the company offered to the travelling public. In the course of his evidence he stated that upon one occasion the passenger train was delayed for nearly twenty minutes at Moyasta Junction. The patience of all the passengers having become exhausted, and as the witness had an appointment in Kilkee the same day in connection with the sacred duties of his office, he got out in search of the guard

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to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the long delay. After some trouble, he found this important official, when the following conversation took place:—"Can you tell me is your engine broken down, or what is the cause of this wretched waiting?" "It's all right now, your reverence. A canary I had charge of escaped from his cage, and we had to catch him before we started. He's back now, and we'll be off in a minute." Another witness inquired at the same junction as to what time the train started for Kilkee, and the station-master consoled him by saying: "Just wait a minute; I'm not quite sure whether *she* is a goods or a passenger train. I'll find out and let you know." The late Coley O'Connell used to tell a story about a linesman who, arriving at a West Clare station after his day's work, was asked by the station-master if there was any sign of the mail. "She'll be here in a few minutes," was the reply; "I passed her in the cutting."

There is one aspect of the Celtic character I should like to dilate on here, and that is the happy knack Irishmen and Irishwomen have in what I, for the want of a better term, call

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bovrilizing their meaning. They possess in a marked degree the faculty for conveying a very great deal in a very few words. This point is best illustrated by example. A farmer in the North of Ireland was once complaining to me of his heavy losses over some speculations he had indulged in. "My luck is proverbial," he said. "It's like this : *If I kept ducks they would get drowned.*" Another expression I once heard in a country district amused me very much. Giving his opinion about a certain man, a yokel summed it all up in this way : "I couldn't like him *if I reared him.*" Anything you take the trouble to rear usually occupies some small place in the affections. Our womankind, too, have an natural aptitude for saying things from which two separate deductions can be made. Let me demonstrate this by the following cases in point :—

"It would be even less unpleasant if we were burying you," was the remark of a lady parishioner who was taking a tender farewell of the rector who was being promoted to another parish.

A woman whose "better half" died suddenly,

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being asked by a clergyman why her husband had not called for the trousers he promised him, replied: "Wasn't a robe of glory better than your riverence's trousers?"

During the potato famine in Connemara, under Mr. Balfour's *regime* as Chief Secretary for Ireland, a peasant woman said to Miss Balfour, who had been taking a great interest in distributing seed potatoes: "God bless you, Miss; if it hadn't been for the famine we would all be starving." The failure of the crop had incidentally given some of the poor people the time of their lives.

Going back to what is generally known as the "good old days," I have pleasure in reproducing a couple of anecdotes which can be accepted as characteristic of the times to which they relate.

The story is told of a County Meath landlord who was given to entertaining in the most lavish fashion, and who owned up to the reputation of living beyond his means. On a famous occasion he gave a large dinner party, after which he mixed many bowls of punch. About ten o'clock at night the hot whiskey was off, and the host apologised to his guests thus: "Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry I

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cannot give you any more punch. Not that we have not plenty of whiskey in the house. We get that on credit from Dublin, but there are no more lemons left, and we have to pay cash for them in the village." This resurrects the story of the olden times when the landlord boasted that he took twelve tumblers of punch every night. "Without any help?" ejaculated his friend. "Oh, no ; with the help of a bottle of port."

In this chapter, which is a kind of Irish stew, the following tales from the west of Ireland are not without humour :—

The master of a workhouse, in his usual course, was superintending not long ago the work carried out by the tradesmen employed in the Union, and coming upon the carpenter, who was engaged in repairing the boundary fences around the Union, asked quite casually, what he was "at to-day." An inmate, who was standing by, and being a bit of a wit, replied: "Don't you see. He is doing what Dan O'Connell failed to do. He is repelling (repailing) the Union."

Shortly after the late Judge Morris was made a judge, a Dublin man was stopping in

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Spiddal, where Judge Morris resided. He got into conversation with an old countryman. Countryman : "I hear that Master Michael has been made a judge." Dublin man : "Yes." Countryman : "And they say that he has got a thousand a year ; is that true, now ?" Dublin man : "Yes, indeed, and more." Countryman : "Well, well. He passes this house every morning and evening, and I never even seen a sign of drink on him."

A mason named Pat Mahon, residing in Galway, was engaged by a local contractor to build a short wall across a farmyard. In the course of time the wall was completed, and the contractor, in the usual way, came to see if everything was right. He looked at the wall, and to his astonishment found that it was crooked. He was naturally very indignant, and said : "Look here, Pat, that wall is not straight." Pat, eyeing the wall, soliloquised thus : "Begob, sir, I b'lieve you're right ; but bad luck to that Lynch, he never sold a straight bit of twine in his life."

When one gets story-telling one is liable to become long-winded, as one invariably "reminds you" of another. I must, therefore, put

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the closure on myself, otherwise I might defeat my object in bringing out a book of bulls, with a few typical Irish stories as a kind of literary padding. In other words, the "humorous side of things" is incidental to the book, and must not be allowed to eclipse the contents arranged under my selected title. It is within the range of possibility that I may one day make a collection of real typical Irish stories as a kind of companion hand-book to this humble work. That, however, all depends on the reception accorded to my maiden effort.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CELT

A direct attempt to reach the inner soul of the true Celt is doomed to failure—aye, worse than failure, for he takes a good humoured but impish delight in setting the interloper astray, but does it in such a harmlessly delightful manner that the searcher after knowledge departs under the impression that he has gained an immense amount of most valuable information. If, however, he had the mental acumen to treat analytically the conversation that took place he might begin to wonder how it was that the views confided to him by a simple looking courteous peasant almost exactly coincided with his own pre-conceived opinions. Few men, however, are able to look far below the surface and hence enquirers after knowledge, more especially if of the Saxon persuasion, do not realise that the Celt objects to be catechized by strangers. This

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does not take the form of being disagreeable or refusing to reply. He has no desire to offend, but amuses himself by "pulling the stranger's leg," and this he does by expressing views which are identical with those which his interlocutor wishes to confirm. In fact he embarks on a game of "spoof" which amuses him immensely and pleases the stranger even more.

The Celt is really a reserved and suspicious individual, and to reach his inmost soul and win his complete confidence you must meet him on the same plane and try for the moment to adopt the same mental attitude. It is a slow and delicate operation, but never tedious. You are fencing with one of such extraordinary mental adroitness that the slightest slip or false step will give the show away, and he will foil you with a look of such simple urbanity or wooden-faced stolidness that you will either come to the conclusion that his mind is a blank, or depart with the impression that you have successfully drawn him.

Rarely if ever will the Celt contradict you. He will as a rule agree with your views which he seems to divine almost before you have

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uttered them. If, however, the question put on the situation which arises manifestly demands a negative reply he will qualify it with extraordinary adroitness so that he will appear to assent.

On one occasion a friend of mine was yachting off the coast of Kerry in a half gale of wind and happened to mention to an English member of the party this peculiarity of the Irishman. The latter replied, "Well, I bet you £5 that I will succeed in getting a direct negative from the boatman to a question I will put to him." "Done," said my friend. On the first opportunity the Englishman turned to the skipper and remarked, "That's a nice wind for sailing." "It is," was the reply, "but what there is of it is rather strong." On another occasion a colleague of mine was motoring in Kerry when he saw a fine old man with white hair, and a strikingly intelligent face, who waved to the motoring party enthusiastically as they swept by. My friend reversed his car, and asked him if he would like a drive. "I would, then, sir, but I have dancing eyes and a wake stomach."

In County Wicklow a well-known motorist

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entered into conversation with a tinker on the roadside, and asked him if he would like a drive on the car. The latter accepted with alacrity. Presently they came on a straight, open stretch of road, and my friend accelerated to the utmost. As they slowed up at a corner, the tinker, who had been gripping the side of the seat, fiercely remarked, in a rather tremulous tone : " Let me down, sir, let me down ; it will put me out of consate with me ass."

Another good example of the Irishman's resource occurred at North Wall a few weeks ago. An English manufacturer, noted for his avoirdupois, crossed over to Dublin by the early boat, and on emerging on to the quay, found that the porter had put his luggage on a very dilapidated car, to which was attached an absolute scarecrow of a horse. He was highly indignant at the whole turn-out, and, turning on the porter, rated him soundly, and asked him what he meant by putting his luggage on such a vehicle. Waiting his opportunity, the jarvey turned to the visitor, who is an exceptionally fine-looking man, and remarked : " From your appearance, sir, you are not the sort of gentleman to judge a cigar

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from the picture on the box." My friend was so tickled with the man's smartness and good humour that he got on the car without further demur, and paid him an extra shilling for his joke.

Just one word by way of summing up. I recollect some four years ago, when Mr. Justice FitzGibbon (whose eloquent tongue is, alas, now stilled in death), in welcoming a party of British journalists who had come over to Ireland on a tour of exploration, make use of these memorable words: "Gentlemen, you will find us an interesting people and Ireland a delightful country, but in heaven's name don't try to understand us." Mr. S. M. Hussey, in his "Reminiscences of an Irish Land Agent," expresses the same idea in a different way. "Ireland"—he asserts—"was created by Providence for the express purpose of bothering philosophers," and really there is a certain amount of truth in both these views, as very few writers or statesmen have ever really understood the complex character of the Irish Celt. There is nothing, to my mind, appears more ludicrous and absurd than the prevailing Saxon idea that Ireland can be

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thoroughly understood and the Irish question grasped in the course of a fortnight's tour. As a rule, these political trippers think they know more about Ireland at the end of a ten days' tour than most Irishmen of experience presume to know after a close and careful study of a whole lifetime. The Irish Sphinx remains to-day the puzzle of philosophers and the worry of statesmen. And yet, notwithstanding all the apparent contradictions, and all the seeming paradoxes, there is an indescribable something that fascinates every student who takes the trouble to get to the heart of his subject. Rough and impetuous the people may be, but underneath the exterior there is a quick wit, an old-time courtesy, and a warm-hearted hospitality such as are found in no other country in the world. As for the country itself it well deserves Tom Moore's eulogy: "First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

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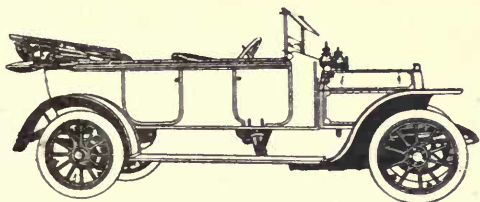


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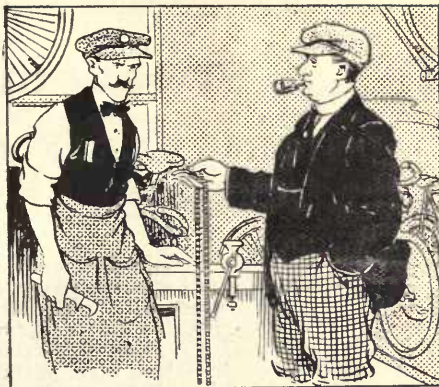
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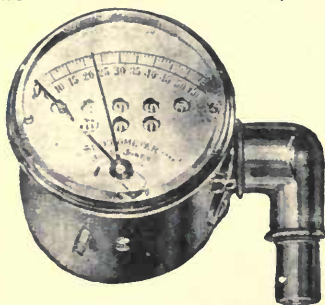
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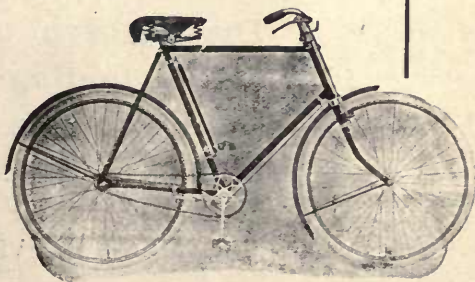
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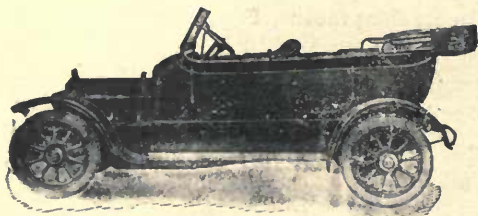
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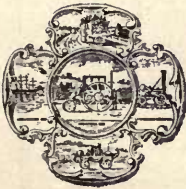
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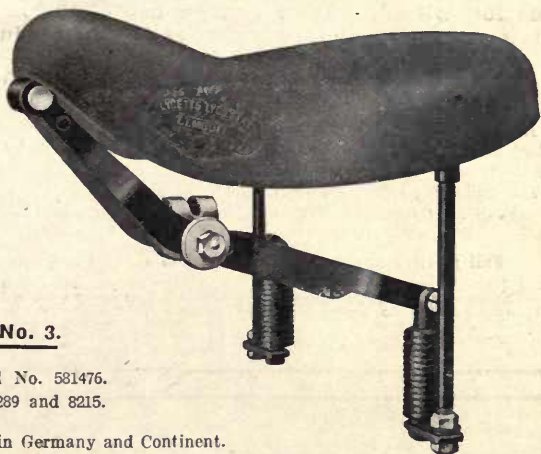
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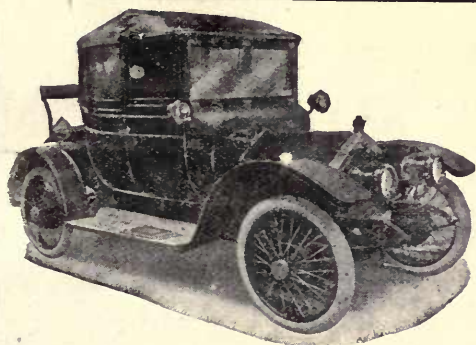
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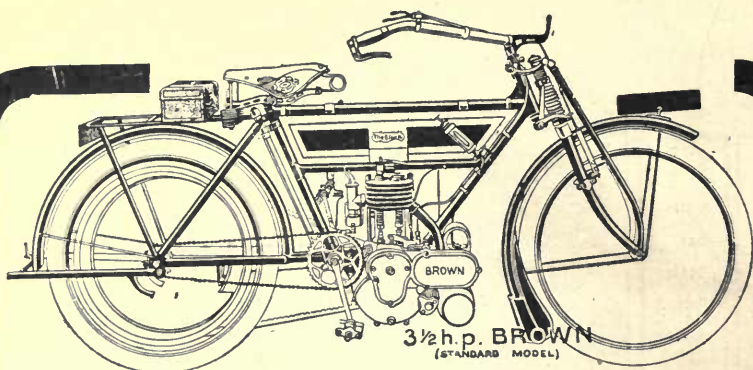
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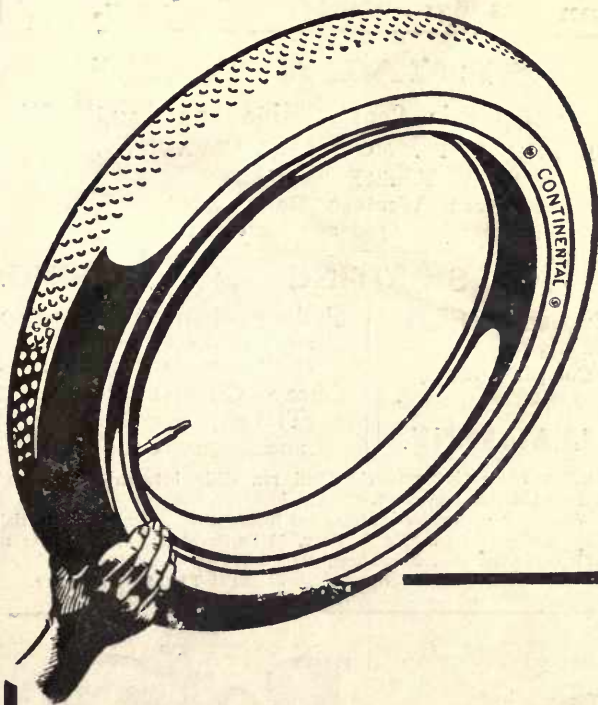
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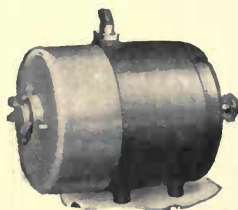
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They are the fruits of Cadillac research, of close and accurate measurement, and of scientific standardisation.

Consider what an augmentation of comfort is implied in these two announcements, emanating from the Cadillac Company, which has never promised what it did not fulfil.

(First.) A surprisingly fine car made infinitely finer, and, second, an impractical idea resolved into a practical reality.

The more refined and efficient car is a product of that process of ceaseless progress which has prevailed in the Cadillac plant for ten years.

The simple, centralised, Delco system of starting, igniting, and lighting, is merely a phase or an integral part of that process.

To combine these elements of efficiency, for the first time, in a unit, exercising the three separate functions, is of itself an interesting achievement, although such a system as an adjunct to an indifferent car would be of doubtful value.

But to combine them in the Cadillac adds lustre to that achievement, because it endorses an extraordinary motor car with new and vital functions.

Without them the Cadillac would still be the incarnation of ease, grace, elegance, and economy.

With them a new meaning attaches to the word "luxury" as applied to motoring.

The 1912 Cadillac automatically removes itself, as we have already said, from the realm of competition.

All we claim for the Cadillac can be proved by personal investigation. Come to our Showrooms and test the automatically lighted, started, and ignited Cadillac for yourself.

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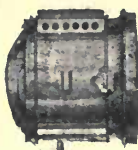
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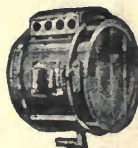
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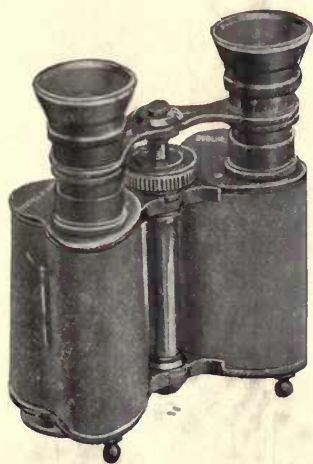


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